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THE FRENCH BUDGET.

THE proposals of M. MAGNE for the Budget of 1874 have now been presented in such a shape that the public whom they affect can study them with ease; they have been submitted to the criticism of a Committee, and are being slowly discussed by the Assembly. The main point of interest lies in the consideration of the means by which the deficit of six millions sterling is to be filled up. All parties are agreed that it must be filled up, however hardly the necessary taxes may bear on the country, and it may be observed that, in spite of all that has been truly said of the wealth of France, and the economy and industry of Frenchmen, the country generally is now passing through a time of severe trial, and at Paris especially there is much actual suffering and want. It is not therefore surprising that M. MAGNE and his numerous critics should find it hard to agree as to what new taxes are possible without crushing those who already find it hard enough to live. M. MAGNE, after making every reduction in expense that he thought possible, and having induced his colleagues to reduce their demands on the Treasury by a sum not far short of two millions sterling, found that he had still six millions to make good. He also found that scarcely any new taxes could be invented. It was only after long consideration that he rejected the notion of taxing manufactured products. A special Council was appointed in the Ministry of Finance to determine how these products could be taxed, and to estimate what would be the probable yield; and no proof could be more striking of the difficulty of putting on new taxes, and of the degree in which sanguine expectations fade away when practical difficulties are taken into account, than that which is afforded by the results at which this Council arrived. At first it was estimated that a tax on manufactured tissues would give four millions sterling a year; then, on consideration, this estimate was brought down to a trifle more than two, then to one and a half, and at last it became clear that during the first two years it would give nothing at all, as the receipts would be spent in the cost of collection. M. MAGNE was thus obliged to look almost exclusively to an augmentation of existing imposts. He proposed to obtain 83 millions of francs by the addition of a half-decime on registration duties, on sugar, liquors, salt, and transport of merchandise by slow trains. Further he proposed to obtain 65 millions of francs by an increase of the duties on extra-judicial acts, on bills, on cheques, on the transmission of liquors, on mineral oils, and to augment certain charges made in the Post Office. By the increase of existing taxes he estimated that an annual revenue of about 120 millions of francs would be obtained, or nearly five millions out of the six millions sterling that he wanted. Somewhat more than one million sterling was to be obtained by the imposition of new taxes on salt used in the manufacture of soda, on vegetable oils, on candles, and on letters re-directed; and if all his proposals were accepted, he assured his countrymen that, to the best of his belief, not only would all the immediate financial wants of France be provided for, but his Budget would leave him with a surplus of more than fifteen millions of francs.

The French Parliamentary system subjects the Budget to a criticism far more elaborate than anything that is known in England. Here we do our financial work for the most part in a very easygoing way. If any set of people is much aggrieved by the Minister's proposals, and can get itself together quickly enough, as the matchmakers did, it may be able to stop what it thinks will be a grave injury to its interests. A Minister, too, feels the opinion of the House, and quietly drops anything that he finds will not do, or the whole Budget is raised into a party question, and a Govern-

ment stands or falls as it succeeds or not. In France a Committee goes through every detail, looks into the estimated expenditure and receipts, examines any new taxes that may be asked for, and reports for or against each portion of the Ministerial scheme. The French system might at first seem better than ours, for it subjects the Government to a check applied in detail, and detail is the essence of finance. There would appear to be a considerable advantage in having a large portion of the Assembly instructed in finance and made to see its practical bearings, and no doubt those members of the French Committee who really work hard at their duties have an opportunity of learning how the country stands financially which is denied to all but the occupants of office in England. But the difficulty is to get the members of the Committee to attend, and often when the Committee has recently met to discuss M. MAGNE's proposals, the attendance has very little exceeded one-third of those entitled to be present. The Committee, too, has one source of weakness which it finds it difficult to surmount. It can agree with the Minister, which is easy enough, or it can positively disagree with him, which is not very hard work; but if it half agrees and half disagrees with him, it can but ask him to attend and argue with it, and the Committee can do its best to persuade him. But if the Minister is firm, and the point at issue is not of very great magnitude, and something is to be said on both sides, the Assembly which must decide between the disputants is tolerably sure to go with the responsible official, backed by the existing Government, and not with the irresponsible critics. The Committee on M. MAGNE's Budget accepted the principle that the deficit which incontestably existed must be filled up by taxation, and to some of his proposals for getting additional money it offered no objection. But it would not agree to sanction the imposition of a half-decime on the transportation of goods by slow trains, nor the augmentation of the duties on bills and cheques, nor the new impost on salt used for soda. It thus cut away 56 out of the 149 millions of francs for which M. MAGNE had asked, and the question arose how these 56 millions were to be replaced. The Committee began by taking advantage of M. MAGNE's estimated surplus. His Budget was to leave him with an estimated surplus of 15 millions of francs, and this the Committee proceeded to cut down to two millions. Thus they had to provide for 43 instead of for 56 millions. They proposed to get this amount, or one not far short of it, by doubling the proposed extra duty on salt. This would give 16 millions; but M. MAGNE, although it is said he is disposed to yield, might have been expected to resist this proposal most strenuously. In his Report he has anticipated it, and has rejected the notion of taxing salt beyond what it will have to bear if his scheme is accepted. It would, he says, be a proceeding very unjust and very onerous to the poorest classes; and as salt is really a necessary of life, it is startling to find that what the Committee proposes is to put on salt a tax nearly three times as great as the value of the article in England. The Committee also propose to augment the tax on receipts from passengers and goods sent by fast trains, and to put a new tax on soap, which together would give nearly eighteen millions, and they also suggest a tax on goods sent otherwise than by railway. It will be seen that the difference between the proposals of M. MAGNE and the Committee is not of a very radical character, and some means of reconciliation may probably be found; or, if not, the Assembly will scarcely hesitate to support the Minister, and free itself from the wearisome discussions to which the Budget gives rise.

The question of the mode in which new taxation is to be

levied has not yet come before the Assembly, but many of the heads of expenditure have been discussed there, and some points of interest have been raised. Considerable warmth of debate was excited by the discovery that one of the savings in the War Department consisted in not calling out the second contingent of recruits for the year. M. THIERS, who was steadily opposed to the scheme of a national army raised by a general obligation to serve in the ranks, contrived to leave a loophole in the Bill which the Assembly insisted on passing, and made the calling out of the contingents discretionary with the Government. Those who hoped that service in the army had been made compulsory on the bulk of the male population were discomfited by discovering that there was this defect in their scheme, and that M. MAGNE, in order to save five millions of francs, had obtained the postponement of the calling out of the contingent at the time contemplated in the Bill. France was quite rich enough, it was urged, to have as good and large an army as she pleased, and it was absurd to spoil a good scheme for so paltry a sum. Perhaps, however, the present French Government does not look with any great favour on a scheme which would give every able-bodied man a military training; not because it fears, as M. THIERS feared, that this would spoil the army, but because it knows that the mass of the able-bodied male population has very little sympathy with it and its policy. As is always the case, the discussion of financial questions has led to the discussion of small matters of the greatest variety, for everything for which public money is asked may be made the subject of debate. M. GAVARDIE amused the Assembly by declaring that, if public money was to be spent on statues, it ought not to be spent on statues so very nude as those which now adorn or disfigure Paris; and M. MAURICE insisted with success on the claim of the miserably paid teachers of primary instruction to have their tiny pensions increased. By a large majority the Assembly agreed to place at the PRESIDENT'S disposal a sum to be spent in entertaining at the Élysée this winter, the Ministry explaining however that this was not to be taken as any indication of an intention to remove the seat of the Assembly back to Paris. A new grant will also shortly be asked for, also with a political object; a bargain having been concluded between the PRESIDENT and M. ROUHER, acting for the EMPRESS, under which the EMPRESS, in discharge of the claims of the Imperial family for property purchased out of the EMPEROR'S privy purse, but retained by the nation, is to receive by instalments a sum of 120,000*l.* No one can grudge the EMPRESS having an addition to her income, but it may be suspected that she will owe her improved fortune not so much to the justice of her claim as to the conviction of the Government that the alliance of the BONAPARTISTS is worth purchasing. All these are, however, very trifling matters, and the main thing is that the financial position of France is now ascertained, and that the Budget will, in one way or other, be balanced out of revenue, although the extreme limits of what a French Government can ask the taxpayers to bear have been almost, if not altogether, reached.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

THE Government of Madrid will have welcomed, in the dearth of other causes of satisfaction, the decision of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of the United States against the claim of the *Virginus* to the protection of the American flag. It follows, not necessarily that the act of the *Tornado* was lawful, but that the Government of the United States suffered no affront by the original capture. It will therefore be no longer necessary to offer an apologetic salute to the American flag; and it is possible that the vessel may be surrendered to the Spanish Government. The reported demand for the restoration to Spanish custody of the surviving crew of the *Virginus* has probably not been preferred. The massacre of Santiago still requires atonement; and no civilized Power would incur the guilt of possible complicity in the renewal of similar atrocities. The Spanish part of the crew may possibly have been amenable to the jurisdiction of the authorities in Cuba on a charge of treason or of technical piracy under municipal law. The English and American seamen were assuredly not pirates under the law of nations; nor had they committed either a moral or legal offence which could justify the infliction of capital punishment. It is not known whether there is any pretext for the un-

founded and incredible rumour that the English Consul at Havannah had summoned the English fleet on the station to enforce a demand for the punishment of the delinquent Governor of Santiago. The English Government, though it has every right to insist on the dismissal of General BURRIEL, is not in the habit of communicating either with its own naval officers or with foreign Governments through Consuls who are employed for entirely different purposes. Although the offence was perpetrated by colonial officials in Cuba, it is of the Spanish Government alone that redress can be demanded. Señor CASTELAR will desire to afford just satisfaction to a Government which he may probably wish to conciliate; nor can it be doubted that he profoundly disapproves of the crime committed at Santiago. If he requires a reasonable delay before he enforces the submission of the offenders in Cuba, the English Government will not be disposed to embarrass him by unreasonable urgency. It oddly happens that while the matter is still unsettled a report has been spread that England is about to be the first of European Powers to recognize the Spanish Republic. The question whether the Republic has proved itself a regular and stable Government will not be mixed up with any controversy which may arise from transactions in Cuba.

The temporary misunderstanding with the United States has incidentally relieved the Spanish Government from one serious cause of anxiety. It has become evident that even in circumstances of grave provocation, and notwithstanding the inflammatory language of irresponsible journalists, the American people has no inclination to encumber itself with the possession of Cuba. A Constitution founded on political equality can only be administered on the condition that the community shall be in some degree really equal and homogeneous. The enfranchisement of the negroes of the Southern States, though it was perhaps unavoidable, has subjected American institutions to a severe and lasting strain. Two or three additional States inhabited by bigoted Spaniards, by degenerate Creoles, and by African negroes, could not conveniently be admitted to share in the sovereignty of the American Union. The active measures of the Executive Government for the equipment of the navy may perhaps have indicated General GRANT'S persistence in his avowed policy of extending on all suitable occasions the territory of the Republic; but warlike projects met with no support in the country or in Congress. It happened that, simultaneously with the amicable arrangement of the Cuban controversy, another of General GRANT'S schemes of aggrandisement finally collapsed. The impudent adventurer BAEZ, who took advantage of his elevation to the Presidency of St. Domingo to negotiate the sale of the Republic to the United States, has succumbed in one of the obscure revolutions which constantly recur in the former possessions of Spain. As it is also announced that the American cruisers have been recalled from the coast of San Domingo, it may be presumed that the PRESIDENT has abandoned his plans of annexation. Either in Cuba or in San Domingo, it is probable that the American dominion would have been advantageous to the inhabitants; but it was not worth while to entail permanent embarrassment on the United States for the purpose of trying the doubtful experiment of promoting the civilization of alien communities. Only ten or twelve years have elapsed since Spain resumed possession of San Domingo, to find by experiment that the burden of governing the colony outweighed the benefit. No long time will probably elapse before it will also be found convenient to retire from Cuba. The Spanish MINISTER for the COLONIES is now investigating the condition of the island, and perhaps his report may induce his colleagues to doubt the expediency of maintaining in perpetuity the boasted integrity of the Spanish dominions.

The condition of the Republican Government in Spain has not lately been altered. Although Admiral CHICABEO has not found himself strong enough to co-operate in the siege of Carthage, the attack on the land side has been prosecuted with increased vigour. Two generals have, with the laxity which is peculiar to Spain, successively resigned the command of the besieging force, but General LOPEZ DOMINGUEZ has, since his promotion to the command, advanced his works nearer to the fortress. A complete investment is impracticable, as the insurgents retain the command of the sea so far as to receive convoys of provisions, notwithstanding a nominal blockade. It is thought that the employment of Señor DOMINGUEZ, who is a nephew of Marshal SERRANO, possesses some political importance. Although Señor CASTELAR long since an-

nounced his intention of employing generals of all parties without reference to their opinions, he has not hitherto thought it prudent to entrust important commands to the professed adversaries of the Republic. The most experienced soldiers in Spain have necessarily served the Monarchy which lasted into the present year. SERRANO himself and the two CONCHAS might perhaps have succeeded in crushing the Carlist insurrection, and in reducing Carthagena; but a Royalist general at the head of a victorious army would have been a formidable rival to the Republican Ministry. If Admiral TOPETE's reputation is founded on professional merit and energy of character, it is scarcely possible that, as commander of the fleet, he should not have excelled the exploits of LOBO and CHICARRO. General DOMINGUEZ, who may probably share the opinions of his family, has the political merit of being comparatively unknown. If he fails to take Carthagena, no party will be compromised by his defeat; and even if he succeeds, he is not so considerable a personage as to be necessarily formidable to the Government. It would seem that, with the usual tolerance or negligence of Spanish administration, General CEBALLOS has not been punished nor even censured for the abandonment of his duty. It is added that the proceedings of Admiral CHICARRO are fully approved by the Government.

The insurgents and the besiegers continue to exchange defiance with the energy of Homeric heroes. General DOMINGUEZ, on assuming the command, announced in the middle of the bombardment that it would be his painful duty to adopt measures of severity if resistance was prolonged. On the other hand, the Junta has issued a windy proclamation in which the members of the Government of Madrid are denounced as rebels and traitors. The Cortes had, as the Junta declares, established a Federal Republic, and consequently the champions of cantonal independence are the genuine loyalists. It is not thought necessary to remember that the Cortes, who may be supposed to be the best interpreters of their own legislation, have temporarily devolved their powers on CASTELAR and his colleagues with a special commission to restore by force the unity of the Republic. It is to be presumed that the fine language which is always current in Spain produces some effect; and the manifestos of the Junta are almost as rhetorically imposing as the speeches of the legitimate representatives of the Republic. The insurgents can scarcely hope for ultimate victory and independence; and it is generally supposed that they are fighting against time. The Cortes were to meet, in default of a new prorogation, on the 2nd of January; and the uncompromising faction hopes, on grounds which are not apparent, to secure a majority for PI Y MARGALL as the successor of CASTELAR. It is thought with good reason that a politician who, when he was Minister, connived at open rebellion, would probably offer favourable terms to the insurgents of Carthagena. There is no intelligible reason for a change in the opinion of the Cortes who raised CASTELAR to power; but perhaps the majority may be tired of a suspension of its powers, or may desire a change for the sake of excitement. The strange rebellion which has lasted so long may probably be regarded in Spain with a toleration which would not be extended to treasonable folly in any other country. It cannot be denied that the leaders of the rebellion have displayed perseverance and courage. The most wanton insurrection, if it is not suppressed within a moderate time, approximates to a civil war; and to a certain extent the rebels are justified in their claim to be the orthodox exponents of Federalism.

THE WRONGS OF SCOTLAND.

MR. M'LAREN has been trying to get the Scottish lion to wag his tail in wrath, but the noble beast knows he is uncommonly well off, and his tail is as quiet as if he and it were moulded in bronze. The three and a half millions of human beings who make up the Scotch nation are at this moment the most flourishing body that exists in any part of the globe. They have all that man can want, and perhaps more than is always good for him. They have ample room and means of cultivation to indulge their virtues or their vices. They have coal, iron, fine harbours, abundant water communication, splendid scenery, excellent Universities, with primary education far ahead of that of England, intelligence, health, and wealth. They have their own way in everything. They drink oceans of whisky, they make their streets on Sunday resemble those of a buried city, they have a succession of castellated hotels

swarming with Cook's tourists. With the utmost license of making themselves uncomfortable they combine advantages which are not indeed superior—for of all privileges, that of making himself uncomfortable after his special fashion is the most highly prized by man—but which are really very considerable. They go through life like RODERICK DU through the glen. Each of them has but to sound his bugle, and three millions and a half of human beings, minus one, spring up out of the heather to back him, to job for him, and to state that they know his aunts, who are most respectable women. They alone of mankind can tell Scotch stories to each other in real Scotch; and this, if pleasure could be put into a pecuniary shape, might be safely set down as worth five pounds a head. The size of the estates of some of their nobility is rather oppressive, and it would be a relief in going from Taymouth to Oban to hear some one talked of besides the Earl of BREADALBANE. But then, on the other hand, these large estates sometimes afford opportunities for most interesting experiments being tried on them. No English nobleman is such a prince in England as the Duke of SUTHERLAND is in Scotland; but no English nobleman could do what the Duke of SUTHERLAND is doing to reclaim and improve land, to create new wealth, to make a poor and backward population rich and intelligent. They have their own laws and their own legal language, which is the most unfortunate gibberish known to jurisprudence, but which at any rate is eminently national. A lawyer cannot help feeling an honest pride when he thinks that it is under a solemn treaty between two kingdoms that in the nineteenth century he is still able to state, as if he were giving intelligible information, that "the Lords assoylied from the passive title, but reserved reduction." Then the Scotch have great Parliamentary privileges. Such alterations as have been made in the details of the Treaty of Union have been naturally and properly to their gain, and they return an increased number of members at the expense of England. Not only do they vote very much as they please, but they get distinguished strangers to run down from London and subject themselves to the very candid criticisms and ingenious catechisms of Scotch constituencies. They have their Sovereign to reside among them even at times of the year when her Cabinet often sighs over the distance that separates her from London. They have all the romance of the STUARTS for the purposes of songs, illustrated tea-trays, and local memorials, without any of the inconveniences of having successfully adhered to them. All these good things and a thousand others they have and know they have. But a Briton is far above owning that he has no cause of discontent, for that would subject him to the injurious imputation of having got all he deserves to get. He must grumble about something in order that he may assert his general rights against the human race, and so Mr. M'LAREN steps forward to keep his countrymen up to the mark, and suggests that they should make themselves unhappy because Ireland is better treated than Scotland by the Imperial Parliament.

The benefits of the Union have been common to both nations; and if the Scotch have gained by the consequent increase of wealth, security, and area for their activity, England has immensely benefited by its intercourse with Scotland, by the working of the Scotch intellect in English politics and economics, and by having a new national playground thrown open to it in the Highlands. But it may be worth noticing that, whatever may have been the political tendencies of the United Kingdom since the days of ANNE, they have always found their most intense expression in Scotland. The Union produced a state of things common to both countries, but it was in Scotland that this state of things was most conspicuous. The Union was the formal manifestation of the desire which really prevailed in the kingdom that Jacobitism, and the ideas associated with Jacobitism, should not get the upper hand. England rendered the Scotch the signal service of twice saving them from giving way too far to a mistaken enthusiasm for a bad cause. During the greater part of the eighteenth century, what England and Scotland really wanted and got was a season of internal repose under the Hanoverian sovereigns; and Scotland, which benefited most by that repose, contributed most to it in one way. It is a very curious thing that at no time after the Union did Scotch members ever give any trouble at Westminster. There never was a Scotch party prepared, merely as a Scotch party, to intervene and purchase concessions as the price of its adherence. Any one who chooses to look at the Parliamentary

history of the last century will find that he may turn over volume after volume without coming on the speech of a Scotch member. The Scotch members were as quiet as mice, and always ran in a gentlemanly steady manner after the crumbs that were thrown down to entice them, and show them which way to go. The principal reason for their modest and unassuming behaviour was, no doubt, that they were returned to Parliament according to a system of representation which even in Cornwall would have been thought artificial and absurd. They were the nominees of great men, and often, for the most part, of one great man. But still, in whatever way it came about, the result was that it was in Scotland, or by the help of the Scotch, that the desire for internal repose was most abundantly manifested and satisfied. After the Revolution in France, both Scotland and England were seized with a violent spirit of Toryism and reaction; but it was in Scotland that this spirit had its way most freely. It was in Scotland that there were the sharpest and severest dealings with the disaffected; and it was in Scotland that Whigs were most openly looked down on by Tories, as blackbeetles might be supposed to be looked down on by their Divine Creator. At last the tide turned. There was a pacific revolution and Liberalism gained the ascendancy. The Reform Bill of 1832 changed England very largely, but it changed Scotland much more. It soon appeared that, of all parts of the kingdom, in this new Liberal era Scotland was the most Liberal. The Liberal party boasts of what it has done in the last forty years, and it has done much that it may well be proud of; but nothing helped it to surmount its difficulties so much as the unwavering assistance of Scotland. At this moment Scotland is the backbone of the Liberal party. A Liberal whip has not to trouble himself much about Scotch members. They are his pet sheep, who know his voice, and are sure to come when he calls them. Scotch constituencies, too, do not like any trifling. They want a Liberal member to behave as such, and to stick like a limpet to his Parliamentary leaders. When a member goes into his reasons for this and his reasons for that, and shilly-shallies about his support of Mr. GLADSTONE, Scotch electors feel an instinctive loathing for him, just as they might for a man who urged them to pause after the twelfth glass of toddy, or who described the Shorter Catechism as a wearisome composition. Liberalism, and what is more, Liberalism in office or claiming office as its peculiar inheritance, is the present most conspicuous fruit of the Union; and the Scotch now as heretofore take care that the fruit of the Union which for the time being is the most conspicuous shall flourish most profusely and ripen most perfectly on their soil.

At the beginning of this century these two united kingdoms found it convenient to take a third kingdom into the Union. They were harassed by this third kingdom having a mock legislative body of its own, strong enough to give endless trouble, and perpetrate endless jobs, but not strong enough to do any good. Dealing in a coarse but practical fashion with men of a very low moral standard, they bought up this legislative body, and persuaded it for private considerations to sell its independence for the public good. Having made their purchase, they began to take stock of what they had bought, and they found they had undertaken to govern a poor, bigoted, disaffected, overgrown population. They soon discovered, as the purchasers of undesirable properties which they cannot help buying often find to their cost, that their new property brought in much less revenue than was expected, and required a much larger outlay than was pleasant. Blundering here and blundering there, often throwing away money to no purpose, often mistaken in their agents, sometimes befriended by lucky accidents, but animated by an unswerving tenacity of purpose and by sentiments of duty and justice constantly expanding, they have worked away till they have now made Ireland fairly tranquil and rich beyond what twenty years ago would have seemed possible. Of course Ireland is still far behind England and Scotland. We have still to govern by the Peace Preservation Act, and we have still to spend a million sterling annually on the Irish police. Nor can we get Ireland as yet to pay a contribution to the Imperial revenue at all in proportion to its population. Whereas every one in England pays 2*l.* 6*s.* to the Imperial Exchequer, and every one in Scotland pays 2*l.* 3*s.*, each inhabitant of Ireland only pays 1*l.* 5*s.* We do not in the least mind paying a trifle more here than is paid in Scotland. Long experience has shown

us that to get small advantages over us gives the Scotch so much pleasure that we should not think of grudging them the mild satisfaction, just as a kindly host affects not to notice a valued guest who, he observes, always helps himself to an innocent backhander. But Mr. M'LAREN, leaving entirely out of sight what England pays, calls on Scotland to lash itself into a fury because Scotland pays so much more than Ireland. He forgets the history of the partnership as an asset of which Ireland had to be taken over. Mr. M'LAREN gets on very different ground, and comes to something like a subject of useful discussion, when he calls attention to some of the smaller heads of Irish expenditure. The Irish judicial staff is probably too numerous, and perhaps too highly paid, and Mr. M'LAREN has come across the scent of a job in the management of a small Irish prison which has filled him with a sense of natural and legitimate triumph. It is but a small piece of jobbery, but it is, if the facts are as Mr. M'LAREN states them, a very scandalous one. The truth is, that all reforms, and especially all reforms under a system of Parliamentary government, can only be carried out very imperfectly and slowly. The Minister of the day wants, for example, to do something for Ireland, but he does not like at a critical moment to quarrel with the legal profession in Ireland. He is obliged to work through the Irish Attorney and Solicitor-General, and the Law Officers do not like to have the prizes of their profession diminished. Or he makes an effort to put the management of Irish prisons on a satisfactory footing; but as there are many persons interested in his not getting full information, he omits to notice the abuses that exist in the management of some tiny establishment. The next Session he has other things to think of, or events may have occurred which make it impossible to ask Parliament to attend to small Irish matters. So the opportunity goes by, and the little nest of jobbery remains untouched and unnoticed until some indefatigable, irrepressible investigator of small things like Mr. M'LAREN comes across it, and proudly reveals the scandal he has been the first to discover. It is a useful piece of work, and Mr. M'LAREN may be congratulated on having so congenial a piece of work to perform; and we trust he will persevere until he gets this ridiculous little prison abolished, or conducted at a proper cost. But his task has nothing whatever to do with the wrongs of Scotland, unless Scotchmen are prepared to think all Irish jobs special wrongs and insults to themselves, and in that case, no doubt, they will have ample opportunity of sitting on pins and needles for the rest of their lives.

RUSSIA AND KHIVA.

THE Russian Government has so far deferred to English opinion as to publish an official apology for General KAUFMANN'S Treaty with Khiva. The previous statement that the EMPEROR was dissatisfied with his lieutenant in Central Asia was received with disbelief or indifference, because it was not even alleged that General KAUFMANN'S treaty would be disavowed. The explanation of the reasons for establishing Russian forts on the Amoo, for controlling the navigation of the river, and generally for reducing Khiva to the condition of a Russian province, is sufficiently plausible to be accepted, especially as there is no possibility of interference with the Russian policy. It is impossible to reconcile the terms of the treaty with the personal assurances of the EMPEROR conveyed to the English Government through Count SCHUVALOFF; but it may be remembered that at the time the fulfilment of the Russian promises was assumed by many English politicians to be dependent on circumstances; and the Russian journals candidly declared that, instead of binding himself to a fixed course of action, the EMPEROR had only announced an intention which he would afterwards have the right to modify. It seemed doubtful whether the objects of the Russian expedition could be satisfactorily accomplished if the capital and the territory were evacuated, and if the KHAN were left in possession of his former independence. According to the *St. Petersburg Government Gazette*, the KHAN himself was the first to point out the difficulties of keeping his engagements with the conqueror unless he were allowed the privilege of receiving a permanent Russian garrison in his capital. The statement is a little overdone, although it may perhaps be literally true. The official apologist forgets for the moment that in the first clause of the KAUFMANN

treaty the KHAN renounces sovereign independence by professing himself the obedient vassal of the EMPEROR. A demand that his territory should be evacuated in conformity with Count SCHUVALOFF'S assurances would have been flagrantly inconsistent with the position of a loyal feudatory; and probably the unfortunate ruler was willing to court the favour of the conqueror by anticipating, in the form of a request, the conditions to which he would in any case have been compelled to submit. It was a still more delicate proof of deference to give the Russian COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF an opportunity of exhibiting his moderation. The request that a garrison should be left at Khiva was evidently designed to suggest the more acceptable alternative of a Russian fort to be built on the right bank of the Amoo, and of a large cession of territory.

The general in command, notwithstanding the language of the treaty which he imposed on Khiva, is now represented as having been anxious to maintain, if possible, the independence of the KHAN. Indeed he only converted the Khanate into a province in the fear that otherwise a fresh expedition would become necessary, "which would render it impossible to preserve the independence of Khiva any longer." Whatever may have been the intentions of General KAUFMANN, it is probable that the Russian Government would rather govern the Khanate through a native chief than by the direct agency of officers of its own. The Romans in ancient times, and the English in India, have in many cases left the nominal or actual administration of dependencies to vassal kings, who deadened the inevitable collision between alien rulers and a subject population. As the official writer truly states, the Russian Government has prolonged the nominal independence of Khokand and Bokhara, and there was no reason for deviating from its habitual policy in the case of Khiva. "The task was rendered difficult by the weakness of Khiva, which, like all Central Asian Principalities, is so utterly rotten that the slightest punishment inflicted threatens the downfall of the whole concern." The weakness of a protected State involves the compensating advantage of rendering ostensible independence purely fictitious and nominal. The means for securing at the same time the formal independence and the obedience of Khiva were found to consist in the establishment of a garrisoned fortress, which would by preference have been placed at the mouth of the river, on the shore of the Sea of Aral. Unluckily it was found that the delta of the river was an impracticable swamp, and that the navigation of the Amoo would be interrupted in winter. It consequently became necessary to annex to the Russian dominions the steppe which extends from the right bank of the river to Russian Turkestan. The military or geographical inference is not easy to follow, and the proverb that excuse is self-accusation seems exactly applicable to the official apology. The desert space which intervenes between Khiva and Turkestan will scarcely serve as a convenient base for military operations. The nomad tribes will plunder convoys which are not sufficiently guarded, without troubling themselves to refer to the map in which the steppe will be coloured as a Russian possession. If it is thought worth while to connect the new fort on the Amoo by a line of posts with the frontier of Turkestan, it can scarcely be doubtful that a similar road would have been constructed if the delta of the river had been as dry as Salisbury Plain. The logic of fact and of force is simpler than the elaborate deductions of State papers. The Russians, being absolute masters of Khiva, have taken from the Khanate whatever territory they thought it expedient to acquire, and it matters little whether they trouble themselves to justify their proceedings to the outer world. A detailed explanation of the motives for inserting various stipulations in the treaty would not repay laborious criticism. It seems that a monopoly of the navigation of the river is indispensable to the prevention of nomadic piracy; and that other arrangements have been made for the purpose of placing caravan routes under the protection of the Ameer of Bokhara. Generally it may be taken for granted that the Russian Government is bent on preserving internal peace and on encouraging its own trade, while it extends the area from which foreign commerce is excluded.

The appeals which the Russian Government sometimes makes to the goodwill and confidence of England would meet with a readier response if the semi-official Russian journals were not in the habit of representing every extension of Russian dominion as a menace to English power in India. Nevertheless it is both useless and indiscreet to

regard the progress of Russia in Central Asia with professed suspicion and jealousy. There can be no doubt that the approximation of the frontiers of two rival Empires involves an ultimate risk of possible collision; but at the same time it is true that the civilization of a vast and barbarous region is in itself a legitimate and meritorious undertaking. It would perhaps have been better that the absolute subjection of Khiva should have been openly avowed as the object of the recent expedition; but the explanations and promises which were tendered by Russia may be regarded as proofs of friendship or courtesy. In public or private affairs it is undignified and injudicious to remonstrate against acts which it is impossible to prevent. The most pugnacious of alarmists would have recognized the absurdity either of attempting to assist the Khan of KHIVA, or of commencing hostilities against Russia for the purpose of effecting a diversion. The GOVERNOR-GENERAL of India properly sent back the Envoy of KHIVA to his master with the advice to make amends to the best of his power for his undoubted offences against Russia. It is not the business of the English Government to protect uncivilized potentates which are within reach of Russia and which are out of reach of England or India. In the further East it is just and reasonable that steps should be taken for the maintenance of existing commercial intercourse with States which are still independent. Mr. FORSTER'S mission will probably result in the conclusion of a commercial treaty with the ATALIK GHAZEE; and in the contingency of Russian encroachments the right of intercourse may be justly maintained. It is unfortunate, though not surprising, that a great and aggressive Empire should abide by that obsolete theory of conquering markets which influenced the policy of England down to the early part of the present century. It is not probable that English manufactures at any time penetrated into Khiva; and they will henceforth be artificially excluded. The people of Central Asia will, in return for the blessings of order and civilization, be compelled for the present to buy inferior goods at an unreasonably high price. If at any time the Russian Government should become converted to the true principles of political economy, the most material objection to the extension of the Empire in Central Asia will be at once removed. In the meantime it is well that both the Indian Government and the Foreign Office should carefully watch the policy of Russia in the extreme East; but querulous protests against every step in an inevitable progress will only tend to aggravate dangers which are perhaps not wholly imaginary.

ECCLESIASTICAL LEGISLATION IN PRUSSIA.

THE history of the Civil Marriage Bill is a good illustration of the spirit in which the new ecclesiastical laws are supported by the intelligent classes in Prussia. It is no necessary part of the contest with the Ultramontanes; indeed, in one respect it may incidentally be even favourable to Ultramontanism. It seems probable that the ultimate policy of the Roman Catholic Church—supposing that nothing happens to restore peace between it and the Prussian Government—must be to demand disestablishment; and the requirement in all cases of a civil ceremony as the binding element in the marriage contract is certainly a step towards disestablishment. Otherwise it is not a measure which really touches the Roman Catholic Church. The civil marriage is obligatory upon Catholics in France, and it is highly improbable that it would have ceased to be so even if the Count of CHAMBORD had been placed on the throne. The measure has been extracted from the Prussian Government as part of the price of the support given to their ecclesiastical legislation by the Liberal party. This party hates the Roman Catholic Church heartily enough, but it hates with even greater heartiness the orthodox party in the Evangelical Church. No direct attack could have been made on the "Protestant Jesuits" with any prospect of success, partly for want of a pretext, and partly from the affection felt towards them by the KING. But when once the Government was committed to strong measures against the Catholics, it became possible, under cover of making provision for the celebration of marriage in Catholic parishes temporarily deprived of their priests, to deal a very serious blow at the religious side of Protestantism. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, whose letters are for the most part an excellent reflection of the views taken by the educated and professional classes, tells us with remarkable candour what the effect of the Bill will be.

Throughout the Protestant population, he says, to enact such a law is like snapping the last link uniting Church and people. In the larger towns, at all events, civil marriage will soon be the rule, and ecclesiastical marriage the exception; and as baptism, which has hitherto been exacted as a condition of registration, is in future to be optional, the proportion of christenings to births will be equally small. These changes will have no counterpart among the Roman Catholics, since with them these rites are a matter of religious conviction, not of mere traditional observance. No professed Catholic will dispense with the marriage in church for himself, or with baptism for his child, because the State has provided him with a civil ceremony in the one case and with a process of registration in the other. There must be a great deal of secret discontent among orthodox Protestants at the turn which affairs are taking, but the enthusiasm in favour of the assault upon Rome is so universal that it is enough that a Bill should be identified with the new ecclesiastical legislation to ensure its popularity with the people at large.

In his paper on Caesarism and Ultramontanism Archbishop MANNING repeats the assertion that the conception of the new laws dates from 1866. He quotes in support of this a passage from a speech of Prince BISMARCK in which he says that peace began to be disturbed after the war with Austria. It is probable that this statement is true so far as this, that the Roman Court began at that time to foresee danger in the growing power of Prussia. But the alliance between the Prussian Ultramontanes and the Government remained to all appearance unimpaired down to the war with France. The Catholic vote was always at Prince BISMARCK'S disposal, and the action of the civil authorities in matters of education and religion was exceedingly favourable to the Catholic Church. And if the Roman Court had been content to regard only the spiritual interests of its subjects, there is no reason to suppose that this state of things would have undergone any change. The secret of the quarrel with Prussia is the determination of the POPE to treat the restoration of his temporal power as an object of paramount importance. Down to 1870 the POPE fixed his hopes on France; but when the end of the war showed conclusively that no more help was to be had from this quarter, he seems to have determined to sound the intentions of the Prussian Government. This at least is the probable explanation of the mission of Archbishop LEDOCHOWSKI to Versailles in January 1871. He was chosen as a sort of informal legate, because he had always had the reputation of being in favour at Berlin. What passed between him and Prince BISMARCK has not been made public, but there is reason to think that Prince BISMARCK virtually took the initiative, and, instead of waiting to hear overtures from the POPE, began by making overtures on his own part. It is further supposed that these overtures amounted to an offer to give the Catholic Church in Prussia the full benefit of State support and patronage on condition that the clergy would support the Government in political matters. It is not difficult to imagine how such an offer was met. Perhaps if the Archbishop of POSEN had been a free agent, he would gladly have closed with an offer which secured to the Church all, and more than all, that it had enjoyed during that peaceful period from 1848 to 1870 on which so many ecclesiastical regrets are now wasted. But as the representative of PIUS IX. the Archbishop had something else to think of than the condition of Catholics in Prussia. He had to extract, if possible, a promise that Germany would show herself favourable to the restoration of the POPE'S dominion, and he may perhaps have hoped that when Prince BISMARCK was bidding for Catholic support, he would consent to throw in some assurance to this effect, so as at all events to give him something pleasant to report to Rome. Here, however, it is believed that Prince BISMARCK put down his foot, and the Archbishop of POSEN retired with the distinct offer of State countenance for the Church in Prussia, but with no hint that any help would be given to the restoration of the temporal power. At a later date Prince BISMARCK made a second effort to induce the POPE to accept his proffered alliance, but by that time the state of affairs in Prussia and the CHANCELLOR'S own temper towards Rome had changed for the worse. The Ultramontane party in Prussia had begun in the elections of 1871 to put forward candidates of their own instead of supporting the Government candidates; and this had perhaps warned Prince BISMARCK that, after refusing to assist the POPE

in regaining his dominions, it would not be safe to count on the good will of the Roman authorities. Partly, it may be, from this cause, partly from seeing that the POPE was resolved to give no quarter to the impugnors of the Vatican decree in Germany, Prince BISMARCK is understood to have added a fresh clause to his ultimatum. He still offered to maintain the Catholic Church in the position she had so long occupied in Prussia, but he stipulated for some concession in favour of the KING'S Old Catholic subjects. The POPE was not in a mood to listen to any such proposal as this, and the Prussian envoy retired from Rome in high dissatisfaction at the contumely with which he had been dismissed. It is understood that at this interview the outline of the laws which the Prussian Parliament has since adopted was communicated to the POPE; and as soon as he had refused to avert or delay the blow by making concessions, the necessary Bills were introduced.

When Prince BISMARCK speaks of the danger to the German Empire arising from the attitude of the Ultramontane clergy, he is really referring to the future, not to the past. Had he any evidence to produce of actual conspiracy against the State on the part of the Church, it is not likely that he would have kept it to himself. But when once the POPE had rejected his overtures of peace, he had good reason to expect that the German Empire would become the peculiar object of ecclesiastical hostility. The POPE had given him fair warning that at the Vatican every consideration would be subordinated to the restoration of the temporal power, and to such a restoration the German Empire is undoubtedly the greatest of obstacles. On the theory of Ultramontanism therefore every Prussian Catholic is a potential enemy to the Empire, because as a Catholic he is bound to obey the POPE'S orders in every political act, so far as the interests of the Church are affected by it. He may be ordered, under pain of losing the sacraments, to oppose the Government in every possible way. In time of peace such a command might only affect the results of a few elections, but in time of war it would supply traitors or spies in the person of every servant of the POPE. The difference between Ultramontanes and religious men belonging to other Churches, or to the opposite party in the Roman Church, is this, that the former are good subjects so long as their conscience does not tell them that the commands of the State are immoral, whereas the latter are good subjects so long as the POPE does not tell them that the commands of the State are immoral. The fact that this condition of things constitutes a real danger to the State is not affected by the doubt that may fairly be entertained, whether Prince BISMARCK has chosen either a wise or a legitimate way of meeting it.

MR. ARCH AND THE LABOURERS.

MR. ARCH, who is as usual engaged in a tour of agitation, seems for the moment to be embarrassed by a divided purpose. Although his professed object is to enlist emigrants for Canada, he is never tired of attacking the landowners and farmers for driving the labourers into a movement which he stigmatizes as exile. It is of course possible that emigration may be not so much a positive advantage as the less of two evils; but enterprise is not likely to be stimulated by exhortations to make the best of an acknowledged grievance. Colonel DENISON, who has been instructed by the Provincial Government of Ontario to accompany and assist Mr. ARCH, is much more single-minded and more encouraging than his coadjutor or principal. He is authorized to offer to English labourers free grants in a province which possesses waste lands of two or three times the area of Great Britain. As becomes an emigration agent, Colonel DENISON guarantees the goodness of the wares in which he deals; and some of his hearers will probably be attracted by the prospect of immediately becoming freeholders of 100 or 150 acres. In the absence of accurate local knowledge, it is impossible to form an opinion of the advantages of emigration to Ontario. Mr. CLAYDEN, who is in disfavour with the Unionists because he differed from Mr. ARCH'S opinion of the prospects of settlers in Canada, asserts that the greater part of the vacant lands of Ontario are not worth acceptance as a gift. According to his statement, the fertile lots and the water frontages have already been taken up; and the remainder consists almost entirely of stone or of sand. It is scarcely possible that Mr. CLAYDEN can have visited all parts of the province, and there may be fertile places which have escaped his notice; but it seems

that even in Ontario there is a difference of opinion on the subject; and that the value or worthlessness of the State lands has, like other controversies, become a political question. The Conservatives hold that it is little better than a fraud to invite European settlers; and the "Clear Grit" party, on the other hand, having lately acceded to power, is responsible for the appointment of Colonel DENISON and for the correctness of his statements. As an additional supply of labour, whatever may be the effect on the English emigrants, can scarcely fail to benefit the province, it is only surprising that Mr. ARCH's proposals should not be unanimously approved in Ontario. Even if Mr. CLAYDEN's depreciatory estimate of the quality of the waste lands proves to be well founded, there is fertile land in abundance to be had by settlers in other parts of the American continent. Both Canada and the United States contain millions of square miles which will sooner or later be converted from desert or forest into profitable arable and pasture.

To robust, active, and enterprising men skilled in agricultural labour, emigration, notwithstanding Mr. CLAYDEN's warnings, offers a prospect of advantages which are not to be obtained at home. The prosperous farmers of the valley of the Mississippi are either settlers or the immediate successors of settlers who possessed little capital beyond strength and industry. To some minds ultimate independence will seem cheaply purchased by incessant labour and hard living during the earlier years of settlement. If an immigrant is inclined to postpone his aspirations to ownership, he can in Canada or in the States secure much higher wages than in any part of Europe, though probably he may be required to work harder. A large family will in a new country be a source of prosperity rather than an element of anxiety; and to some persons the absence of social superiors will be in itself a satisfaction. On all these points Mr. ARCH has nothing new to offer, although he may perhaps render a service to suitable emigrants by calling their attention to the opportunities which have long awaited them in the West. It is evident that labour can be more beneficially employed on virgin and fertile soils of unlimited extent than even in the more scientific and more productive operations of the best English agriculture. It may also be admitted that a large emigration of English labourers would tend to raise the rate of wages of those who remained. A thoughtful workman may usefully balance the statements of Colonel DENISON against the not unfounded warnings of Mr. CLAYDEN. If he is conscious of a vigorous constitution and an adventurous disposition, he will probably decide in favour of emigration. Those who shrink from unusual exertion may find in some of Mr. ARCH's speeches plausible reasons for staying at home. An economist who is also a demagogue naturally wavers between his two vocations. In the judgment of the most enthusiastic and sentimental of journalists, Mr. ARCH is destined to be "the COBDEN of the 'working classes';" and it is unnecessary to say that the title is intended to convey the highest possible eulogy. Mr. COBDEN was by no means exempt from factional antipathies; but when he was engaged in a practical struggle he concentrated all his energies on success. Mr. ARCH is unable to choose between the immediate expediency of emigration and the more remote prospect of some political and social convulsion which would convert the labourers into petty freeholders in England.

The complaint of predial agitators that large quantities of land in England are uncultivated is, if not altogether baseless, at least grossly exaggerated. Pasture is not the less fertile or productive because it may happen to be enclosed by an oak paling or a wall instead of a hedge; and the space devoted to the exclusive maintenance of deer, which are probably regarded by Mr. ARCH as superfluous quadrupeds, is comparatively insignificant. Much rough or barren land which will produce nothing else is profitably employed in the growth of wood, which would have to be imported and paid for if the present wooded area were with much wasteful cost and labour converted into a checkboard of potato patches. A bare slope for which none of Mr. ARCH's clients would give five shillings an acre will produce in forty years a crop of larch poles worth 40*l.* or 50*l.* an acre. In some places and soils a rabbit warren produces, in proportion to its acreage, a larger amount of nutritious and popular food than a cornfield or a garden. The mountain tracts which are in Wales and some other districts exclusively devoted to the purpose of sheepwalks are more profitable in that form than in any other, except that great loss and inconvenience arise where the friends of the labourer have, for the exclusive benefit of large

and encroaching sheep-farmers, succeeded in preventing enclosures. It would be absurd to contend that the cultivable soil of England produces the largest possible return; but even in the amount of gross produce it may compare advantageously with France, notwithstanding the inferiority of climate; and in the proportion of produce to labour it excels any other country. The drawbacks which are caused by want of skill, by want of capital, and even in a few cases by caprice and extravagance, are inseparable from the institution of property in land. Under a system of free trade, and as long as abundance of unexhausted soils remains in the world, a partial waste of the productive qualities of land is neither more nor less culpable than the employment of any other commodity to gratify the tastes of the owner. Consistent Socialists would prohibit all indulgence and luxury; but as long as diamonds and carriage-horses are tolerated, there is no just reason for denouncing the crime of maintaining a gorse-cover or a flower-garden.

During his experience of two or three years as an agitator, Mr. ARCH has with commendable docility learned the expediency of dividing his enemies as a preliminary to conquering them. The managers of the Labourers' Unions have succeeded in thoroughly alarming and irritating the farmers, who were the more immediate objects of their hostility; and probably Mr. ARCH is sagacious enough to foresee that one result of his agitation will be to induce the tenants to forget or to suspend any differences which might exist between themselves and their landlords. The experience of the trading capitalists who have thought themselves obliged to unite against the combinations of artisans will not be lost on the manufacturers of wool, of meat, and of corn. The philanthropic and literary speculators who have hailed the appearance of Mr. ARCH as a beneficent reformer are not likely to enlist a single adherent among the farmers. With the control of the counties through the agency of his Unions, Mr. ARCH may perhaps hereafter do much; but for the present the county electors are not his followers, but his victims. He has consequently now begun to affect advocacy of the interests of tenants in opposition to landowners. They ought, he tells them, to have tenant-right; or, in other words, a share in the ownership of their lands; and he undertakes that the enfranchised labourers will help the farmers to dispossess their landlords. It is fortunate that he is not addressing absolute simpletons or willing dupes. His main agitation is utterly inconsistent with his incidental sympathy for the tenant-farmers. If the Lothians and Lincolnshire were divided among the present occupiers, there would be no tendency to split up large farms, at least in the first instance, into cottage freeholds. It is indeed probable that, if the subsequent accumulation of landed estates were legally prevented, it would follow that the larger holdings would be gradually broken up; but this is not the prospect which Mr. ARCH offers to the allies whom he hopes to conciliate. He will find it necessary to choose between the labourers, who are to maintain themselves by the cultivation of their own freehold tenements, and the farmers, who cannot farm without a supply of labour; and also to make up his mind whether emigration is a benefit or merely an unavoidable alternative.

THE APOSTLE OF ARBITRATION.

MR. RICHARD, M.P., who is at present engaged in a triumphal progress throughout Europe, will be eminently qualified on his return to speak with authority on international gastronomy as well as on international arbitration. He has been entertained at a great many public dinners, has received cartloads of addresses, and has made the necessary replies. The latest of these celebrations took place in Paris on Monday night. "The table," as we learn from a telegram in the *Daily News*, was "charmingly decorated, and the dinner well served." The guests were regaled with *petits pâtés à l'Alabama*, *poulardes truffées à la Cobden*, and *bombes pacifiques*. The speaking was perhaps not quite so successful. The Chairman, M. RENOARD, in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot his guest, and imagined that he was addressing RICHARD COBDEN. Some of the company laughed; and M. RENOARD refused to proceed. It does not appear that arbitration was attempted, but another gentleman delivered the indispensable speech. Mr. RICHARD began to return thanks in French, but suddenly "broke into English." The company then adjourned for coffee, after which there were more speeches, including "one of great length in English from Mr. MILES,

"of Boston." On the whole, the company no doubt spent a pleasant evening after their own fashion, and it may be thought that this is a very innocent kind of diversion. It will be asked, however, what is the object of all these festivals? At the Grand Hôtel this question was answered by a cluster of interwoven flags, and the inscription in large gold letters, "Chamber of Commons, 8th July, 1873." This referred to Mr. RICHARD's triumph of last Session over the common sense and self-respect of the House of Commons, when an idle and unmeaning resolution was passed by a majority of members, some of whom must now be very much ashamed to remember their weakness. The passing of this resolution is regarded by Mr. RICHARD and his friends as marking the advent of a new era of universal peace and brotherhood. Mr. RICHARD has put down war; and our admiration must be divided between the magnitude of the result and the simplicity of the process. If Mr. RICHARD has really put down war, he certainly deserves all the dinners and addresses; but it is just possible that some obdurate and sceptical people may see reason to doubt whether the celebration of the triumph is not a little premature. For Mr. RICHARD's foreign tour Mr. GLADSTONE, it seems, is in some degree responsible. In the debate of last Session Mr. GLADSTONE said he was in favour of the principle of Mr. RICHARD's resolution, but he "only" thought Europe was not ripe for it. Accordingly Mr. RICHARD, in order to prove that Europe was ripe for it, has undertaken a three months' pilgrimage; and he is now prepared to "certify to the disposition throughout Europe" to settle quarrels otherwise than by slaughter. The way in which Mr. RICHARD has arrived at this conclusion is exceedingly characteristic. He does not appear to have made out a list of the questions between different Powers which threaten at the present moment to lead to war, and to have then asked the various Powers concerned whether they would agree to go to arbitration on them. But he has been entertained at dinner by sentimental theorists like himself, and he has received addresses from any number of obscure and impotent societies of working-men and other people; and all this barren and ridiculous verbiage has convinced him that the reign of peace is at hand.

The address of the working-men of Venice to Mr. RICHARD is perhaps as good a specimen of these productions as any other. The working-men of Venice salute the "illustrious Mr. RICHARD" with enthusiasm and affection. In common with all other working people, they desire liberty, order, and peace; and they "desire that the troublers of nations may cease from wars of conquest, and forbear to put forth their dishonourable claims over other nationalities, and no longer exercise violent control over liberty of conscience." This is a desire in which we can readily join; but one difficulty is as to how the desire is to be accomplished. Of course if the troublers of nations will only be good enough of their own accord to abandon their iniquitous projects, that will greatly simplify matters; but, if they decline to do so, it is difficult to understand how arbitration is to be accomplished. The other day there was a Congress on this subject at Brussels, at which, if we remember rightly, Mr. RICHARD was present. The Congress passed all sorts of beautiful resolutions as to the duty of arbitration and peace. It was proposed amid great enthusiasm that arbitration should be made compulsory on all nations—that is to say, that the nations which are in favour of peace should go to war in order to enforce their views upon those who are not—an eminently pacific conclusion. At the final dinner of the Congress, Dr. BLUNTSCHLI, who represented Germany, thought it necessary to reserve to his own country the right to vindicate the cause of intellectual freedom—even by the sword. It appears therefore that the advocates of universal peace have no objection to war so long as it is intended to enforce their own crotchets. It will be remembered that at another Peace Congress GARIBALDI intimated that the reign of peace was to be postponed until there had been one great war for the purpose of turning the world upside down to suit the views of Italian patriots. The Venetian working-men take a similar view of the question. They protest against the troublers of nations putting forth their dishonourable claims over other nationalities—which means, we suppose, that neither France nor Austria is to presume to meddle with Italy; but they wish it to be understood that "the Italian working-men have given fresh proof" that they can sacrifice all they possess for the triumph "of a great national principle"—that is, by means

of war—and that they fully approve the spirit of the declaration recently made by one of their own statesmen, that "Italy desires to live in peace with all nations, but she will also insist upon securing her national rights and dignity." In other words, the Italians are perfectly willing to accept from arbitration anything they can get, but they are at the same time determined to fight for what they want if they do not see their way to get it otherwise. So far from accepting the principle of arbitration, they expressly repudiate it. Their enthusiasm for peace is limited by the condition that they shall be able to carry out their own views by peaceful means; if not, then they are bent on war. Yet so blind is the Peace Society in its fanaticism, and so incapable of understanding the plain meaning of language, that it has actually been at the expense of printing and circulating a translation of this address as a proof of the extent to which its Utopian fancies have found acceptance on the Continent. It is an old objection to chimerical projects for the suppression of war, that war is not a cause, but a consequence, and that peace can be established only by all men being made peaceful. The Venetian working-men thank Mr. RICHARD for his efforts "to bring about peace everywhere, even in the family and the workshop." No doubt all quarrels between husbands and wives, between fathers and sons, all disputes between employer and employed, and all other social differences, might just as easily and effectually be put down by an abstract resolution being entered on the Minutes of the House of Commons as war between one country and another; but neither the imbecility of members of Parliament nor their subserviency to popular cant has as yet reached the point at which it would be possible for them to issue a decree gravely commanding everybody to love everybody else.

There is a passing gleam of reason in one passage of the speech which Mr. RICHARD delivered at Paris. The peace movement, he admitted, greatly depended upon France. "It could not do without her, but with her it might do much." It is no doubt true that, if France would consent to submit to arbitration the question whether or not Alsace and Lorraine should be returned to her, the difficulty of bringing about arbitration on the subject would be to that extent diminished. It would then only remain to persuade Germany to agree to a similar ordeal. We should like to know, however, whether Mr. RICHARD himself, when he said he had found "a general disposition throughout Europe to settle quarrels otherwise than by slaughter," really meant to assert that he had found a single sane person in either France or Germany who was willing to submit the question of the frontier between these two countries to arbitration. Indeed, we may extend the inquiry, and ask whether in any country he had found a disposition to submit to arbitration any question of genuine importance? He said that "the Italian Chamber had risen like one man to adopt the principle of arbitration." But does he suppose that the Italian Government would agree to accept the decision of an arbiter as to whether the Pope should be replaced in his old position at Rome, or whether the King of the Two Sicilies should be invited to return to his former kingdom? Would the Austrian Government accept arbitration as to whether she should transfer the Southern Tyrol to Italy? Or would Germany agree to a similar reference in the case of Hanover? Everybody of course knows that none of these Powers would dream of allowing any of these questions to be determined in this manner, and it is incredible that Mr. RICHARD should not know it too. Mr. RICHARD says he can answer for Holland and Belgium, but even Mr. RICHARD can hardly believe in earnest that these States would allow an arbiter to decide how they should be divided between France and Germany.

If, instead of looking into the future, we go back upon the past, is there any great question of the last few years on which a suggestion of arbitration would have been listened to for a moment? Except the question of the *Alabama*, none; and in that case the proposal of arbitration was only a disguised surrender. The simple truth is that nations are ready to arbitrate as to things which they do not care to fight about, but that they prefer to fight about things to which they attach importance; in other words, they will not give up anything as to which they are very much in earnest unless they are obliged. The sum of Mr. RICHARD's exhortations, so far as there is any sense in them, comes to this, that people ought to be good and peaceable, and then there would be no war because

there would be no need for war. Mr. RICHARD appears to labour under the delusion that nations go to war because they are fond of it; he knew, he said at Paris, that "history, poetry, and romance had thrown a halo round the military system which had taken deep root in the world." In point of fact, there is a very general abhorrence of war, and the only reason why nations resort to it is that they would rather endure the miseries and sacrifices which it involves than sacrifice anything which is very dear to them, as territory, independence, or national honour. The sentimental enthusiasts who have taken up this crotchet might perhaps clear their thoughts a little by endeavouring to define in what cases arbitration can fairly be recommended. Even Mr. RICHARD, we suppose, would hardly go so far as to say that there is no question on which a nation may not honourably submit to arbitration. For instance, there has been a long-pending question between France and Germany as to which has the best right to the Rhine provinces; but it is impossible to imagine Germany agreeing to give up these provinces if an arbitration court chose to say that it ought to do so. Again, can it be conceived that England should place itself unreservedly in the hands of arbiters who should determine whether Canada should not be transferred to the United States, or whether Ireland should not be constituted an independent State? In the course of time something in the nature of a system of international police, of which indeed the rudimentary elements already exist, may perhaps be developed. In the meantime it is unlikely that nations will care to confide their destinies into the hands of irresponsible, and possibly corrupt or incompetent, arbiters. It is unfortunate that the House of Commons should, in a nodding moment, have given countenance to the empty and chimerical proposition which has furnished a pretext for Mr. RICHARD'S ridiculous tour.

THE LIVERPOOL SCHOOL BOARD.

THE decision whether elementary education shall ultimately be provided as at present by a combination of State schools and voluntary schools, or by State schools exclusively, practically rests with the Denominationalists. If they are wise, they can make the excellence and the economy of the existing order of things so conspicuous that it will be with difficulty superseded by a system involving sweeping changes, and at the outset necessarily costly. If present appearances are to be regarded as presumptive evidence of the position which the Denominationalists mean to take up towards the Act of 1870, this wisdom is not likely to be vouchsafed to them. Some of them appear to have had their heads turned by the unexpected reaction in their favour which has been produced by the disastrous activity of the Education League, and seem bent upon committing the immense mistake of throwing overboard the compromise which has been the source of their success. They had an admirable opportunity this winter of consolidating their strength throughout the country. The triennial School Board elections coinciding with the "Conservative Reaction," and with the general irritation at the burden of local rates, gave the supporters of a system which makes full use of existing schools a great advantage over the supporters of a system which proposes to provide new schools everywhere. The interest of Denominationalists was plainly to identify themselves with the Act of 1870, and to present themselves at every educational election as the advocates of School Boards and School Board schools wherever voluntary schools have failed to provide the necessary accommodation, and of such machinery of compulsion as will allow no school accommodation to be wasted. If they had not sense enough to see this fact for themselves, they might at all events have profited by the superior discernment of their adversaries. The Birmingham League knows perfectly well that its success depends on getting rid of the Education Act, and after this it was not expecting much of the Denominationalists to assume that they would see that their success depends on the efficient working of the Education Act. In a great number of instances, however, they have taken the exactly opposite course. They have come forward as the avowed enemies, or at most as the languid friends, of the very law which the Secularists are doing their best to destroy. What they expect to gain by this policy they probably do not know themselves; what they are likely to lose by it need not be told to any one who has studied the fate of parties which throw away favourable compromises be-

cause they think that they might have got better terms had they asked for them in the first instance.

A conspicuous mistake of this kind seems to have been committed by the Denominationalists of Liverpool. The School Board which has just completed its term of office was in all respects an example of what such a body ought to be. It had shown great ability and great moderation. It had done a great deal of work at a moderate cost and with no needless displays of eloquence. It had taken the Act as supplying the rule to which it was to conform itself, and had shown equal anxiety neither to go beyond what the Act contemplates nor to fall short of what it requires. Elected in the first instance by a Denominational arrangement, its success was the best possible proof of what could be achieved by Denominationalists when acting under a reasonable and patriotic zeal for educational progress. If there was one object which the Church party in Liverpool ought to have proposed to themselves, it was the prosecution of the work by the new Board in the same spirit which had governed the action of the former Board, and to this end it was of the highest importance to secure the services of the former Chairman. Mr. BUSHELL might very well have desired not to be re-elected to an office which must necessarily have withdrawn him from most other work. It is understood, however, that he was willing to serve again if those who had supported him at the first election had been unanimous in asking him to do so, and that his disappearance from the list of candidates at the second School Board election is due to the absence of this unanimity. The explanation of this strange folly is to be found in the concluding words of the "Report of the General Purposes Committee," lately presented to the retiring Board. That Report claims on behalf of the Board that "neither as regards the letter nor the spirit" have the principles of the Act—which it was their "duty to administer, to the best of their ability, faithfully, zealously, and wisely—in any degree been violated." This is the worst possible recommendation at the present moment to extreme Denominationalists. They desire to see the spirit of the Act violated, and they are not greatly distressed if the letter suffers somewhat in the process. Faithfulness to the principles of the Act is in their nomenclature extravagance, zeal in the execution of it they set down as irreligion. Though the Act says plainly that there shall be provided for every school district a sufficient amount of accommodation in public elementary schools, and directs that where such accommodation does not exist the deficiency shall be supplied in a certain specified way, they insist that nothing ought to be done until the places in all the existing schools have been filled, notwithstanding that these places, even if every one of them were filled, would not accommodate all the children for whom room is directed to be found, and quarrel with the Board for not accepting accommodation in schools which are not public elementary schools as constituting accommodation in public elementary schools. There is no dealing with impracticable persons of this type; all that can be done is to hope that the revelation lately made of their indifference to the extension of elementary education will not have its natural result in giving an unreal victory to fanatics on the other side.

The inquiries of the late Board showed that in 1871 there were close upon eighteen thousand children in Liverpool for whom no school accommodation was provided. Since that time new schools have been provided for something over seven thousand children, and the Board proposed to establish others which would accommodate about five thousand children more. The deficiency left after this last provision has been made will consist entirely of infants, and this it is hoped may be met for the present partly by a re-arrangement of the accommodation in existing schools, and partly by the hire of temporary buildings. The Board has discovered one fact of great importance as regards vagrant children. It has been usually supposed that this class would have to be dealt with in a wholly exceptional manner, but the result of a fortnight's "picking up" of such children by the police under the direction of the Board was that "in the great majority of the cases—even where the children were engaged in begging—the parents were found to be in receipt of good wages, amply sufficient to support themselves and their families respectably, if they were willing." The Board consequently determined to try the effect of its compulsory powers on the parents before resorting to any special process for the benefit of this particular class of children. Still the Board is of

opinion that the compulsory powers conferred by the Act, even as increased by the amending Act of last Session, are quite inadequate to meet the case. Parents may be able to pay for their children's schooling and yet not be able to ensure their attendance. The father and mother may be out all day, and though they may be fined if their children do not come to school, it is difficult to say how they are to prevent them from staying away. The suggestion of the School Board is that its officers be empowered to detain any vagrant children found in the streets during school hours, and to take them either to their homes or to school or before a magistrate, and that the magistrates may order habitual truants to be whipped. As, however, the necessities of many families make the earnings of the elder children essential to their own or to the common support, the Board further proposes that no children of school age shall be employed in the streets without licences, which shall not be granted or renewed without a certificate from the School Board. The case of children employed in houses or workshops should be met, they suggest, by the extension to England of the principle of making the employer as well as the parent responsible for their education, which has already been adopted in the Scotch Act. A third proposal relates to private schools. These schools are much in favour with parents who wish to evade the by-law from their laxity in the matter of attendance. In point of fact, children are sent not so much to receive education as to secure a plausible excuse for keeping them uneducated. The Board recommends that attendance at private schools should not count as compliance with the by-law, unless the school is periodically inspected by the Education Department, and returned by them as efficient.

The experience of Liverpool shows what can be effected by an energetic School Board, but it is impossible to review its proceedings without reflecting on the difficulty of creating similar bodies in small places. In speaking the other day at Liverpool, Mr. RATHBONE proposed to meet these objections in some measure by consolidating all the local authorities into one, and thus providing in every district a Board which would "deal with public duties of sufficient magnitude to excite public interest," and be "constituted in such a manner as to represent fully the various classes of the community." Now that the question whether School Boards shall become universal promises to become the next important issue in the educational controversy, this suggestion deserves careful consideration.

THE YEAR.

THE general truth that in a twelvemonth many things may happen and much be changed is, if applied to the year now at its close, made sufficiently vivid by calling to mind that at the beginning of 1873 the strength of the Gladstone Administration seemed unbroken, and the King of Spain was reigning in apparent comfort and prosperity at Madrid. Before three months had passed, the King had bidden a prudent farewell to a country which he thought deserved the anarchy he left behind him, and Mr. Gladstone had been defeated, had resigned, and had unwillingly resumed office on the uninviting terms on which a leader must hold office when it has been discovered that he can be beaten. When on the 12th of March Mr. Gladstone found himself in a minority of three, it was evident not only that the ill-fated Irish University Bill had been killed by those whom it was intended to propitiate, but that English politics had assumed a new aspect. There was a weak Ministry instead of a strong one; there was an opening for the depreciation of men who had hitherto thought themselves above criticism, and there was an end of bold measures vigorously carried. The Judicature Bill was indeed passed, because Lord Cairns chose to bless it; but the Government had to endure the mortification of recognizing that, if they wished to make their measure in the slightest degree more complete than had been agreed on, Lord Cairns had only to wave his hand and whisper "Privilege," and they must bow to his decrees. The Chancellor brought in a Land Transfer Bill, which was to have been the other great legal measure of the Session; but Lord Cairns, assuming the attitude of a schoolmaster who tells a clever boy that he has done a good copy of verses and had now better go and play, said that the Chancellor's Bill was really a very meritorious performance, but that he could not recommend the Peers to go through the fatigue of discussing it. After cutting down a scheme for dealing with Local Taxation to the tiniest dimensions, and persuading the House of Commons to spend the best part of the Session in putting it into shape, Mr. Stansfeld sent his fragment to the Lords, and was informed that the Peers did not think it worth while even to inquire how far in its microscopic way it might be good or bad. As Lord Lyttelton said when he had to consent that the Endowed Schools Commission should be renewed only for a year, the Ministry seemed stricken with paralysis. Mr. Forster, who wished to do something more for education, could only manage to make Denison's

Act obligatory. Mr. Fawcett's Bill for removing Tests at Trinity College, Dublin, was rather forced on than accepted by Mr. Gladstone. Minor members got majorities against the Ministry on small or futile points such as the treatment of the Irish Civil Servants and the establishment of Universal Arbitration. And then, unfortunately for Mr. Gladstone, occasions arose when his colleagues made blunders of a most surprising kind. The scandals of the Zanzibar Contract and the misappropriation of the Post Office money gave a violent shock to the confidence of the public in the Administration, and when at the close of the Session Mr. Lowe and Mr. Ayrton broke into open war, it became obvious that the Ministry must undergo a considerable change or must cease to exist.

But it was not only in Parliament that the tide seemed to have turned against the Ministry. They seemed to have no longer any command over the constituencies. It was found that the offence given by Mr. Bruce's first Bill had never passed from the agitated breasts of the Licensed Victuallers, and Ministerial candidates discovered that they had everywhere beer and gin arrayed against them. Their Education Act had also excited much active and bitter feeling, and while the Nonconformists thought they had been betrayed, Churchmen thought that they could not confide in the support of a Ministry which was always being pressed by its adherents to alter the arrangements that had been made. There was, too, an unmistakable air of timidity and indifference creeping over the minds of a large section of the electors, and Mr. Gladstone's Government began to be first distrusted and then disliked as a Ministry that could never let things be quiet. Constituencies of the most varied kind showed a reluctance to support Mr. Gladstone any longer. Bath, Gloucester, East Staffordshire, and, above all, Greenwich, replaced Liberals with Conservatives, and the last-mentioned constituency actually sent a young Tory distiller to sit as the colleague of the Premier. Scarcely had Parliament risen when Mr. Gladstone, thus pressed on all sides, determined to run the risk of reconstructing his Ministry. He has gradually, as occasion offered, completed the reconstruction, and it must be owned that he has done well a very difficult task. He began by taking himself the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, thus at once utilizing his own great reputation in finance, and removing Mr. Lowe from an office which he could no longer hold with credit. By shelling Mr. Bruce and Mr. Monsell in the Peers, he got rid in a handsome way of two of the weakest of his subordinates, and he did not hesitate to perpetrate a distinct job and silence Mr. Ayrton with a sinecure. Later on he had to appoint two new Law Officers and to replace Mr. Monsell, and in all these selections he showed that he would be guided solely by the capacity to serve the public, and had learnt to forgive independence. The greatest, however, of all his means of strengthening the Ministry was the recall of Mr. Bright to office, for whom Mr. Childers good-naturedly made room. The Ministry is thus, no doubt, much stronger in its internal composition than it was, and the reconstructed Ministry has had sufficient success in the keenly-contested elections of Bath and Taunton to warrant it in saying that there is no decided voice of the constituencies against it, and that it will show what it can do in another Session. Mr. Disraeli, who had contributed in no small degree to the Liberal success at Bath by his letter to "My dear Grey," made a fuller and more sustained attack on the Government at Glasgow. Nothing could have been more clever or witty or better reading than his speech; but, as is usual with Mr. Disraeli, it rather raised the reputation of the speaker than did damage to his opponents. The Ministry is now in a better position to meet Parliament than seemed possible when the Session closed in August.

Mr. Gladstone's University Bill was to have been the crowning stroke of his Irish policy, but it will probably prove no great loss either to Ireland or to Mr. Gladstone that he was not destined to cut away what he once termed the third branch of the Uppas-tree. The Ultramontanes are endeavouring to construct a University system of their own, and whether they succeed or fail, it is as well that England should not have the responsibility of their success or failure. In other respects, the Government may be fairly satisfied with the results of their Irish policy. Ireland is rapidly getting rich and prosperous, and although Parliament was this year once more called on to hurry through a Peace Preservation Bill, yet, as in point of fact peace is tolerably well preserved now in Ireland, there is no serious complaint of the legislative cost at which the result is won. Mr. O'Keefe manages to keep up a constant war with his ecclesiastical superiors, and the Education Board which sides with those superiors has shown how difficult a Board is to beat, by having found an excuse in the unfortunate Father's violent language for not allowing him to benefit by the rule as to the management of Irish schools which was laid down as a fair compromise after he and his wrongs had occupied Parliament and bewildered the Government during a considerable part of the Session. That the prosecutions arising out of the Galway elections should fail was a matter of course, and it is easier for a judge to arrive at the general conclusion that spiritual intimidation has been used than to present in any one case evidence of such intimidation which a jury can be expected to find irresistible. The sign of the times in Ireland most gratifying to the Ministry is, no doubt, the collapse, for the time at least, of the Home Rule movement. Great things were prophesied as to what this movement was to do. The priests condescended to associate themselves with it, and a Conference met with a great flourish of trumpets to settle the terms on which the British Empire was to be invited to break itself to pieces. But the gathering proved a failure; no two members of any eminence could agree as to what

they wanted, and the proposal to have an Irish House of Lords was rendered palpably ridiculous by the absence of every Irish peer.

India generally allows Englishmen to forget it, except as a place of sound investments, and of an honourable career for enterprising relatives; nor was the House of Commons annoyed with any Indian question last Session, except discussions on the break of gauge and the designs of Russia. But the prospects of a dreadful famine in Bengal have aroused public attention and sympathy; and English opinion has been stirred sufficiently to ask the Indian Government to do its duty, which it would probably have done anyhow, and which it has, so far as is known, done in a satisfactory manner, without fuss and without stint. In its quiet way moreover the Indian Government managed to render us at home a considerable service at an earlier period of the year. We had sent out Sir Bartle Frere to Zanzibar with many good intentions and much philanthropic pomp. He was to make a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar by which the slave trade on that part of the African coast would be suppressed. Unfortunately the Sultan would not sign the treaty; but Sir Bartle Frere had something better than arguments at his disposal. He went to India, conferred with the Government, and got an admiral sent to Zanzibar, who by a threat of bombardment induced the Sultan to sign the treaty. We may thus hope to have done something to destroy African slavery, more especially as Sir Samuel Baker, after having been supposed to have been murdered, was suddenly discovered telegraphing that Africa was free to the Equator, and has since returned home to tell his tale. That we have some considerable influence with semi-civilized races is satisfactorily proved by our success in insisting on the right of personal audience at the Court of Peking, and in making the troops of the Sultan evacuate Lahej, where the exaggerated pretensions of the Caliph came into collision with our claims to collect provisions for Aden where they could most conveniently be found. The dangers, however, to which a vast Empire coming into collision or contact with men of every race is inevitably exposed have seldom been more strikingly illustrated than by the necessity in which we have found ourselves of engaging in an Ashantee war. The origin and the political issue of the war are still enveloped in obscurity, and the unfortunate expedition of Commodore Commerell on the Prah teaches us that we must not too much despise the black creatures we have to fight. Even the successful skirmishes in which Sir Garnet Wolseley as soon as he arrived achieved great things with a tiny force and useless allies only point to the same conclusion, and the special dangers to which in the African service officers seem exposed make a war doubly lamentable. Englishmen, however, cannot refuse themselves the satisfaction of observing that those employed could not have done their duty more patiently and gallantly than they have done in an expedition which can bring them little glory, and exposes them to terrible risks.

In the region of social life we have had an uneasy time this year. Strikes, with all their painful consequences to employers and employed, have done much to paralyse industry. The great strike among the ironworkers in South Wales lasted long enough to test severely the endurance of the men and the resources of the masters; and in London the building trade was thrown sufficiently into confusion to make Londoners know by the silence and nuisance of half-finished buildings some of the outward signs of a strike. Recently some of the masters have decided on a counter movement, and have resolved to form a National Federation of Employers, with what precise object and with what success it yet remains to be seen. The discontent among the agricultural labourers was fortunately not sufficiently violent to interfere with the ingathering of a harvest which a continuance of wet weather had made poor enough, without accidental drawbacks to increase the bad consequences of a short supply. Mr. Arch has been to Canada, and has been entertained in the kindest manner by Lord Dufferin and the local authorities, but appears to have learnt that the life of an emigrant, unless he is a handy, bold, and vigorous man, is a life full of endless trouble and ill-requited toil. Even those who are not quite fit to emigrate are yet held to have shown so much political ability by simply joining a Union that they are, it appears, to be rewarded with the franchise; and one constituency at least is so absolutely in the hands of workmen that a fine relic of the old Whig school is to be made to disappear in order that Morpeth may return a representative of labour. Still it deserves to be noticed that the labourers of all classes have not, except by making everything dear, given much trouble this year. There was a large gathering in Hyde Park on Whitson-Monday of the opponents of the law as to the punishment of working-men guilty of offences against their fellows or their employers, and the zeal of two clerical magistrates who sent to prison a large number of women guilty of such an offence gave strength to the outcry. But, as it happens, both the new Law Officers of the Crown have, as private members, endeavoured to meet the views of the employed as far as practicable; and those who are dissatisfied with the law as it now stands wait in hopes of an early change. Even the Licensed Victuallers are a little cheered by having to deal with the common sense of Mr. Lowe instead of the philanthropic restlessness of Lord Aberdare, and, alarming as have been some recent disclosures as to what policemen will do and swear, Mr. Lowe has tried, perhaps not in vain, to reassure us as to the general state of the force.

It has also been a year of terrible catastrophes. The wholesale destruction of human life which attended the loss of the *Northfleet*, the *Atlantic*, and the *Ville du Haere* showed how awful may be the dangers that await travellers by sea. And travellers by land

have been kept in perpetual terror by an unbroken succession of railway accidents. The Wigan, the Retford, and the Guildford accidents followed each other too closely not to startle the public, which would have been delighted if it could have seen clearly who was to blame and how railway accidents are to be prevented. But when the President of the Board of Trade addressed a circular of warning and inquiry to the different Companies, each of the Chairmen in turn explained that his line happened to be in perfect order, and was distinguished by every precaution having been taken on it that ingenuity could devise. How to control railways without impeding carriage and locomotion is a very difficult problem, and it is too early as yet to guess whether the new Railway Tribunal established last Session will do any practical good. It has first to show that it can arrive at a definite decision, and then to show that it can practically enforce obedience to this decision. In one department of the railway world Mr. Bass, the staunch friend of the servants of the Companies, goes on working with his usual perseverance, and he has made an inquiry on his own account the result of which shows that the accidents among its servants acknowledged by a leading Railway Company bear a most insignificant proportion to the amount of those that really take place. Mr. Plimsoll has on his part done a great public service by calling attention to the enormous waste of life attending the employment of untrustworthy vessels, although his recklessness of statement and the inability of the Commission which he got appointed to suggest any remedy have thrown a temporary cloud over the movement he set on foot. In the region of criminal law the history of the Bank forgeries showed with what ease even such a cautious institution as the Bank of England may be robbed, although it also showed the vigour with which criminals may be followed up and proof of criminality collected; while the interest of those who love the excitement of criminal trials has been gratified to a degree unknown in other days by the interminable Tichborne trial, with its startling revelations and incidents, and its unprecedented duration. But then, if we have had all these things to startle, to terrify, or to pain us, we have had, it must be remembered, an unparalleled set-off. We enjoyed the visit of our own romantic Shah. All England went mad in honour of this harmless Asiatic prince. What could we do enough to show him how great and glorious we were, and how much nicer and better people we were than the Russians? He took our frenzied homage with mild Oriental placidity, and at length escaped from the warmth of our exuberant affection, and went to Paris, where he was fêted and politely laughed at. He then faded away from one remote Court to another, until at last he got home to find that he could scarcely save his favourite Minister from destruction, and that he must revoke the celebrated concession which we were fondly told, when he was here, was destined to regenerate Persia.

Our colonies generally give us little trouble, and it was with satisfaction and without discussion that Parliament passed a Bill giving an enlarged power to the Australian colonies of dealing with revenue questions, which it is hoped may prove hereafter the basis of federation. Unhappily Canada, hitherto considered the chief pearl in the colonial chaplet, has been a cause of uneasiness. The House of Commons had scarcely passed the Bill by which, to compensate Canada for the Fenian raids, England guaranteed a portion of the cost of the railway through the territory of the Federation to the Pacific, when ugly rumours reached England that the railway had been the mainspring of a gigantic job. It was alleged that the Canadian Ministry had given the concession in return for money contributed to support electioneering contests last year. The facts were exaggerated; but one result was beyond doubt, and that was that the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald had received large sums of money from Sir Hugh Allan for electioneering purposes, and that the concession was subsequently given to Sir Hugh Allan. The Opposition in the Canadian Parliament was irritated by a Bill to permit witnesses to depose on oath being disallowed by the Home Government, and it was subsequently suggested that Lord Dufferin had attempted to screen the offenders by a prorogation. But the conduct of Lord Dufferin was afterwards recognized to have been quite what it ought to have been, and when the Canadian Parliament reassembled, sufficient evidence had been collected under the authority of a Royal Commission to force Sir John Macdonald to resign. The lesson has been a severe one, and it may be hoped will be sufficient to crush corruption in the colonies before it has time to establish itself. In the United States some little has been done to show that corruption has at length provoked resistance. The notorious Tweed has been condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. Pennsylvania has accepted a constitutional amendment intended to arrest the evil. The Credit Mobilier scandal was revealed to Congress, and elicited some warmth of disapproval, although by a narrow majority it was decided not to impeach Vice-President Colfax. It is something, too, to have to record that General Butler had to retire from his candidature for the post of Governor of Massachusetts. Congress, indeed, has not set a very bright example of political purity, for it voted itself a few months ago an increase of pay, with retrospective effect—a proceeding known to American journalism as "the back salary grab." A commercial panic, principally due to the locking up of money in unfinished railways, has caused much distress in the States, and has set the President, after consenting to a re-issue of greenbacks which ought to have been cancelled, to hazard in his recent Message proposals as to the currency which are of very doubtful value more especially as to the prohibition by law of the allowance by banks of interest

on deposits. Happily the Message had to deal also with a more pleasant topic, and the President was enabled to inform Congress that the affair of the *Virginus* had been satisfactorily settled, and that the States were not under the painful necessity of crushing an infant Republic which they had been not only the first, but the only, nation of any importance to recognize.

On the 9th of January an event took place which, if it had occurred a few years ago, would have seemed of supreme importance, but which, coming when it did, had scarcely any political interest. The Emperor Napoleon died at Chislehurst, and ended a life which had been an epitome of almost every vicissitude of good and evil fortune. He had for some little time before his death lived in England in almost complete seclusion, but his popularity with ordinary Englishmen had not died out, and those who remembered that he had been the ally of England and the friend of Englishmen were many more than those who could never forget how it happened that he had gained the opportunity of forming alliances and bestowing Imperial patronage. His day had gone by in France, and no one at Paris was very much affected by the news that the late occupant of the Tuileries had passed away. France had indeed its own present, and that a perplexed and sombre one, to think of. From the beginning of the year to the 24th of May there was going on a long struggle between the Right and M. Thiers. For some time M. Thiers seemed to have the best of it. Afraid of his unrivalled power of debate, the Right wished to prevent him, while President, from speaking as a Deputy. He fought the point with his accustomed tenacity, and succeeded in securing that he should be allowed to speak on all questions of foreign policy, and on all home questions on which his Ministers in Council declared it to be necessary that he should speak. A great contest followed with the Committee of Thirty who were appointed to consider the constitutional changes that might be deemed necessary; but after they had rejected all his proposals, they at length succumbed and agreed to the terms of M. Dufaure's suggestion that a Second Chamber should be created, the electoral laws revised, and provision made for the transmission of powers when a dissolution took place. The success of M. Thiers so far was in part due to a manifesto published at this time by the Count of Chambord, in which the Pretender denounced the tricolour and everything connected with it as incentives to and memorials of Republicanism; and the supremacy of M. Thiers never seemed so well established or so wholly due to his personal qualities as when, by a timely speech he reconciled for the moment discordant factions by informing them that the Pact of Bordeaux still existed, meant everything and meant nothing, and left Monarchists all their hopes and Republicans all their gains. But M. Thiers cut away the ground on which he was treading when he achieved what in one way was the greatest triumph of his tenure of power, and negotiated a new treaty with Germany by which the enemy—restoring Belfort at once, though retaining Verdun—was to clear entirely out of France in September. M. Thiers was no longer indispensable. By making M. de Goulard a Minister, and by his Bill for regulating the Municipality of Lyons, M. Thiers offended the Extreme Left, and they determined in an evil hour to give him a lesson by returning M. Barodet, an obscure agitator of Lyons, as deputy for Paris instead of M. de Rémusat. At the eleventh hour M. Thiers tried to combat the Extremes opposed to him by throwing himself more than ever on the Centres. M. Jules Simon and M. de Goulard left the Ministry, and a Cabinet all of a moderate shade was appointed; but the Right was not to be pacified. Already, before the recess, it had managed to substitute M. Buffet for M. Grévy as President of the Assembly; and as soon as the recess was over its plans were complete. It challenged, and on the 24th of May defeated M. Thiers; and Marshal MacMahon, with the Duke of Broglie as his Minister, reigned in the place which the resignation of M. Thiers made vacant.

The new Ministry set to work heartily after its own fashion. Its business was to coerce France, where the growing strength of Republicanism had shown itself in one election after another. M. Boulé, the new Minister of the Interior, addressed the Prefects to tell them that, if they wished to remain in office, they must show an unhesitating devotion to him, his friends, and his subordinates. M. Pascal wrote a circular, a copy of which passed through the hands of M. Thiers into those of Gambetta, with the object of having a report made to him on the best means of buying up or winning over the provincial press. The discussion of the new Constitutional Laws was adjourned for six months, and M. Ranc, a Communist who had been returned for Lyons, was prosecuted, and had to fly for his life. Everything was, in short, made ready for the realization of the one pet scheme of the majority—the fusion of Orleanists and Legitimists, and the Restoration of the Count of Chambord. The scheme was very nearly successful. The Count of Paris went to Frohsdorf, and fell into his cousin's arms. All was love and harmony; and the Orleanists, who, much to their credit, insisted on constitutional liberties and the retention of the tricolour as the price of their concurrence, sent a special ambassador, M. Chesnelong, to Salzburg, and received through him satisfactory assurances of the Count's willingness to accept the Crown on the terms on which it was offered. M. Thiers returned to Paris, and exerted all his unrivalled skill in forming and consolidating a party strong enough to protect the Republic. But it seemed certain that a majority, although a narrow one, was assured, the Bonapartists being now opposed to the Government which they had supported on the 24th of May. All of a sudden it was discovered that there was a hitch; and at last

the thunderbolt fell in the shape of a letter from the Count of Chambord, in which he entirely threw his dear Chesnelong over, boldly said that the white flag must be his flag, and proclaimed that the sword must be used in order to make the ideas prevalent to which he was attached. The whole plan of a Monarchical Restoration came to an end, and Marshal MacMahon, after two Messages to the Chamber in which he said that he could only hold power if the principles of his Conservative friends were triumphant, was made President for a term of seven years. It was evident, however, that the country was against the Ministry. New elections were held in every part of France; and even in Brittany the result was the same, and Republicans were returned. The dread of a Monarchy and a civil war, and an equal dread of the clergy, who, thinking themselves sure of triumph, had got up a series of pilgrimages offensive in the eyes of lay Frenchmen, had provoked a spirit of resistance which the Ministry knew must be fatal to it unless checked in time; and recently all the efforts of the Government have been directed to devising a series of measures for repressing democracy. The Mayors are everywhere to be the creatures of the Government, and the electoral law is to be altered. Meanwhile M. Magne complains of a deficit, and cannot get the taxes voted to replace those which the Ministry abandoned when it gave up the Protectionist policy of M. Thiers, and negotiated in July a liberal Treaty of Commerce with England. The attention of France has, however, been momentarily directed from politics to the extraordinary trial of Marshal Bazaine, which was conducted with great skill by the Duke of Aumale, and ended in a Marshal of France being degraded, fined, and condemned to twenty years of seclusion. It was a sad spectacle, and perhaps Bazaine was not much more to blame than others whom the rotten system of the Empire raised to an undeserved eminence. But at any rate, even if he was not guilty of treachery, Bazaine had done less than France had a right to expect, and he was the author of so many evils and such dreadful shame to his country that his condemnation has been received with a very general expression of mournful approval.

Germany has also been going through a time of trouble which has been serious enough. It has quarrelled openly with Rome, and has fought Rome as England fought it in the days of the Tudors. Whether the conditions of modern life permit such a victory to be won now as crowned the efforts of the Tudor princes is among the gravest and most interesting problems of modern politics. The new Ecclesiastical Bills were introduced early in the year, a large majority sanctioned the preliminary alteration in the Constitution that was necessary, and the Bills received the Royal Assent in the spring. Their purport was to lay down three great modes of asserting the supremacy of the State over the Church. All ecclesiastics, from the highest to the lowest, are to receive the approval of the Government before they can act; religious institutions are to be subjected to lay inspection, and are to be closed at the discretion of the lay power; and all ecclesiastics are to be compelled to undergo a lay training. Nothing could be more diametrically opposed to the claims and teachings of Rome. Since the Bills were passed the Government has found itself obliged to press continually forward in the path it has selected. It has been under the necessity of recognizing and patronizing the Old Catholics and their new bishop; it has submitted to the new Prussian Parliament a Bill for Civil Marriages, and it has begun prosecutions against a number of eminent Romanist ecclesiastics, and more especially the Archbishop of Posen. The Pope took it into his head to write a letter in August explaining how these accumulated wrongs disturbed his mind, and professing a belief that the German Emperor was acting against his will under the dictation of the wicked Bismarck. The Emperor replied by saying that he was perfectly independent, and that the servants of the Pope had nothing to complain of. A Parliament has been returned more hostile to Rome than the last one. Prince Bismarck has resumed the Premiership, and on the other hand the Pope has shot forth the bolt of another Encyclical, in which he points out how far on the road to destruction his enemies in Germany have advanced. Open war has thus been proclaimed, and the cases in which the new ecclesiastical laws are to be applied in their full force are now almost ripe for decision. On neither side is there any sign of flinching, and if the Pope is firm, so is Prince Bismarck, with the approval of Lord Russell. Which will win depends on the question which few would pretend to answer, whether the leading Catholic laymen of Prussia really care most for the State or the Church.

If, however, France and Germany have had their troubles this year, their disasters and anxieties have been nothing to those of Spain. At the beginning of the year Amadeo was King, and Zorrilla was his Prime Minister. But, disgusted with the resistance of the Spanish grandees and with the obstinacy of Zorrilla in quarrelling with the officers of the Artillery, the Italian prince one fine morning announced that he intended to set off for Portugal. As the only monarch then possible thus took himself off, and no other monarch was available, the Cortes was easily led to set up a Republic in despair. Figueras and Pi y Margall were the first to profit by the change, and Castelar lent them his aid. But the new Government began badly. It pandered to the mob, issued rifles to all the ruffians of Madrid, and with the aid of the mob forced the Cortes to dissolve. Then new elements of discord immediately began to show themselves. The new Cortes was elected to represent the views of those who wished the new Republic to be a Federalist one; there was a party discovered both in the Cortes and the provinces which thought even a Federalist Republic a half-measure, and longed

to set up a copy of French Communism; and lastly the Carlists began to show themselves, achieved some small successes, and were cheered by the arrival of the Pretender and his brother. After some changes not worth noticing in detail, Castelar at the end of August was made Dictator, the newly elected Cortes was prorogued till January, a respectable force was got together, the arrangements for a Federal Government were postponed, and some degree of vigour and of unity of action appeared in the course taken by the Government. The Carlists have not been crushed, but their progress has been arrested; and Valeria, Alcoy, Malaga, and Seville were wrested from the Intransigentes. Unfortunately Carthage proved a more trustworthy refuge for a Communist Government, and, with the aid of a body of released convicts and of five ironclads that mutinied, the revolutionary leaders have made a defence which still baffles the efforts of the Madrid Government. A situation so anomalous as that of Spain also very naturally gave rise to complications with foreign Powers. Two ironclads which fell into the hands of a German captain, whose action was subsequently disapproved by his Government, were by his orders transferred to the custody of an English Admiral, and were subsequently, in defiance perhaps of the rules of strict impartiality, given up by England to the Spanish Government. An English vessel, the *Deerhound*, carrying military stores to the Carlists, was captured by her crew either in French waters or on the high seas, and the Spanish Government was forced to avow that it had been in the wrong. Lastly the civilized world was shocked to hear that the *Virginus*, a vessel sailing under the American flag, had been captured on the high seas, while proceeding to give help to the insurgents in Cuba, and that a considerable portion of her crew had been brutally murdered under the disguise of a military execution. Although England was equally aggrieved so far as the executions went, yet as the American flag had been disregarded, the Government of President Grant took up the matter much more seriously than we did, and at one time it appeared that war and an American intervention in Cuba were inevitable. Castelar, however, was strong enough and prudent enough to be able to give way. The *Virginus* was restored, and it appears that Spain has now the satisfaction of hearing that the captured vessel had never any real right to bear the American flag. Nothing, however, can lessen the permanent injury which Cuba does to Spain by compromising its policy and draining its resources; and when it is added that Carthage still holds out, that the Carlists still occupy the greater part of the North of Spain, and that the period assigned to Castelar's dictatorship is almost at an end, the prospects of Spain will appear sufficiently dark.

Two small nations have found themselves engaged in much the same tasks which have fallen to the lot of greater Powers. Holland has its Ashantee war in Sumatra, and has, after undergoing a discomfiture, sent out an expedition big enough to bring the Sultan of Acheen to submission. Switzerland has, like Germany, been fighting the Pope. The quarrel began in consequence of the Pope appointing a Vicar-General of Geneva with jurisdiction over a portion of the Canton of Vaud, which the Swiss say was contrary to established practice; and the Federal Government having taken the matter up with abundant energy, the Vicar-Apostolic has been banished from Switzerland, while Geneva has decreed that all curés shall be elected by the people. The phases of the quarrel are different, but both in Switzerland and in Germany the supremacy of the laity over the Church is the real ground of dispute, and both countries have been equally denounced by the Pope in his Encyclical, while both revenge themselves by patronizing in the Old Catholics the special objects of the detestation of Rome. Austria was to have had a grand time this year, and politically it has, in the return of a decidedly Centralist Parliament, achieved a conspicuous success; but the Exhibition was a failure, owing partly to the cholera, and partly to a monetary panic, which threw Vienna into utter confusion at the very moment when signs of its triumphant prosperity ought to have been given. Italy, too, has been passing through a Ministerial crisis, and its Budget exhibits a deficit which appears equally to baffle all Ministers of Finance. Still the courage and resolution with which the Bills as to ecclesiastical property and the residences of the chiefs of the ecclesiastical orders were carried, and the welcome given to Victor Emmanuel at Vienna and Berlin, must be set on the other side. Russia alone has been steadily triumphant. Its policy has prevailed at Constantinople; and Khiva, after having been conquered by an expeditionary force handled with great skill, has been, if not annexed, yet placed for every practical purpose under the exclusive control of Russia, in spite of the assurances given at the beginning of the year by Count Schuvaloff, who was sent on a special mission to tranquillize the apprehensions of England.

Excepting the Emperor Napoleon and Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in London, no foreign public men of any great eminence have passed away this year. The King of Saxony and the Duke of Brunswick scarcely deserve to be noticed as exceptions, although some curious questions will probably arise as to the disposal of the enormous fortune of the latter. In England, however, we have lost many men of considerable eminence. Lord Westbury and the Bishop of Winchester died within a few hours of each other, and each in his way—a very different way—was a prominent figure in English public life. Lord Lytton, too, had so long amazed or delighted England with his astonishing fertility in writing romances and in dilating on every possible topic, that a sincere feeling of pain was awakened when it was known that he would write no more. In art Mr. Macready and Sir Edwin Landseer had each reached the summit in

their respective walks, and had made their victories a part of the intellectual store of Englishmen. Philosophy has lost Mr. Mill. Dr. Lushington, Chief Justice Bovill and Vice-Chancellor Wickens had each done so much to serve the public, that the regret for their loss extended beyond the regions of the profession to which they belonged. In the political world Mr. Graves and Mr. Clay were well-known figures, and in Mr. Winterbotham we have to lament the loss of one of the few men of the younger generation who have shown much promise of Parliamentary success. Perhaps, however, it may be said that death has not taken more from us this year than it must inevitably take in every year that goes by.

CHRISTMAS.

IT is an unfortunate part of the human constitution that our emotions show no tendency to periodicity. We are in pretty much the same state of mind in winter and summer, except in so far as the direct influence of external circumstances is concerned. A frost may spoil our tempers by pinching our fingers, and a fog may lower our spirits by affecting our bronchial tubes. But we are not subject, like some of our animal and vegetable ancestry (we speak after the manner of Mr. Darwin), to annual gushes of sentiment. The sap does not rise in us at stated periods, nor do we instinctively burst into song at the vernal equinox. We leave it to natural philosophers to decide why we have not inherited some such peculiarities. Whatever the reason, this defect in our organization makes itself painfully felt upon a good many occasions, and especially at such anniversaries as Christmas. Some people are always piping when others are utterly unwilling to dance. One half of the world accuses the other of being cynical, and the attack is met by a counter-charge of levity. Some contrast of feeling must indeed always result from the simple fact that the human race does not grow up in successive and distinct generations like butterflies, but that some of us are going down hill whilst others are climbing up. Every anniversary necessarily changes its colouring to "the eye which hath kept watch o'er man's mortality." There was a story in the papers the other day of a party which used to dine together in Paris. As successive members dropped off, their places were still prepared, and no fresh guests invited to fill them; and thus, on the last occasion, a solitary old man was dining by himself, with a score of empty chairs set round the table. Most of us can find melancholy enough in life without wishing to embody it in so ghastly a ceremony. But every anniversary feast necessarily partakes of the same character. The chairs are invisible as well as the guests; but the friends who have gone over to the majority are perceivable to the mind's eye so clearly that we have no need to advertise the fact by external symbolization. The melancholy which testifies to the unseen companionship should not indeed make a healthy mind unsympathetic. It may soften, but it need not quench, the spirits; and even a connoisseur in melancholy, like Jaques, may feel himself in harmony with childish conviviality. If he cannot quite share it, neither need it jar upon him.

There is another contrast of feeling which is more troublesome. Characters may be divided into two classes according as they are sympathetic or antipathetic. The first impulse of some people when they hear a new doctrine proclaimed is to exclaim, How true! and of others to say, How false! So the emotions of one man seem to be in a permanently positive, and those of another in a permanently negative, condition. Any wave of feeling set up amongst our neighbours may generate either a similar or an inverse feeling in ourselves. We may be carried away by the contagion of excitement, or may be absolutely repelled by it and driven back into our own private meditations. Everybody who has made a speech or acted in a play is conscious that an audience is generally composed of two different materials. Some of his hearers act, for a time at least, like a non-conducting medium, and oppose frequently insuperable obstacles to the establishment of the proper chain of electric sympathy. Of course it is usual to denounce the stolidity of such human blocks; and it may certainly be said that a man who is sensible that he is a purely refrigerating body should avoid going into societies for mutual stimulation. But it is quite unfair to assume that a character of this kind, however unsocial, is necessarily unfeeling. In some cases it is the very excess of sensibility which makes people instinctively struggle against yielding to a sympathetic emotion. The man who has a natural inclination to mysticism shrinks from all external manifestations, because they tend to substitute a purely mechanical ceremonial for the pure emotion which he values so highly. He is shocked by the inferior elements which necessarily make part of every stated performance; by the forms which have ceased to represent any inward feeling, and the mixture of mere superficial or sensuous excitement with genuine spiritual emotion. He suppresses altogether any outward symbols for fear lest they should lose their savour, and become part of a merely formal routine. His emotions are too valuable to be squandered in public, and should be kept for hours of solitary retirement, when he can abandon himself to them without any shock from less congenial sentiments. It is not that he is really unsympathetic, but that he unfortunately suffers more from the false notes which must blend in any general chorus than he is charmed with the true ones. Such a frame of mind may be more or less morbid; but it is very different from the cynical frame of mind which occasionally mimics it. When a man says that his feelings are so exquisitely fine

that he is put out by any attempt to give them a concrete embodiment, it may possibly be that he is a mere hypocrite who has not any feelings at all, and, therefore, if we may make a bull, finds it perfectly easy to conceal them; but it is also possible that the statement may be accurate. Such people, however, cannot be allowed to have their own way in the world. Possibly they are too good for it; but in some cases an excess of goodness is almost as mischievous as an excess of the opposite kind. In fact, they encourage a kind of hypocrisy as distinct as that which belongs to the opposite temperament, and a good deal more disagreeable. People of a very demonstrative temper, who profess a warmth of feeling which they do not really possess, and never meet an acquaintance without squeezing his hand into a mummy, and, figuratively speaking, weeping upon his neck, are certainly very offensive, and they have their reward. There is no more certain road to unpopularity than an excessive desire to be popular. We all like flattery, but we always dislike the flatterer; partly because there is nothing more disagreeable than the sense of being done, and we naturally resent the spectacle of that tribute of praise which has become in some sense our own property being bestowed with equal liberality upon our friends and inferiors. The injury which a demonstrative person inflicts upon our self-esteem by excessive civility to our neighbours more than cancels the benefit which a similar civility has conferred upon ourselves. On the other hand, the affectation of excessive coolness, if it makes us less angry with the offender, is more noxious in the social atmosphere generally. The too unctuous person incurs our contempt, but at any rate the function which he discharges with more zeal than could be wished is necessary to our social comfort, and is favourable to the spread of that general complacency without which we should very soon become mere savages in dress-coats. If we attempted to suppress all external ceremonial because it may become nonsensical and hypocritical, society would either be brutalized or become as dull as a Quaker's meeting; and though the Quakers are in many respects a most exemplary people, it must be admitted that their tendency to quietism and extreme plainness of speech is the most obvious cause of their decay.

Every such anniversary as Christmas brings up some of the practical problems which are suggested by these divergences of temper. How are we to solve such problems? How are the convivialities in which we have to indulge to be made tolerable to the very varying minds of the persons who are to share them? To all who have finally parted company with childhood, the annual consumption of turkeys and mincepies will be at least as suggestive of melancholy as of pleasure. Nobody thinks his birthday a very delightful occasion of festivity when it is distinctly marking another downhill stage. Life is too much like the childish game of ducks and drakes, in which the intervals between successive blows diminish in geometrical progression. And if we can get over this difficulty and manage to enjoy the childish entertainment of a pantomime though we don't much care for the Clown ourselves, yet a greater remains behind. Why should we run into such danger of hypocrisy? Moralists on a larger scale may dwell upon the fact that, whilst we are all talking about Christian goodwill, there is nothing for which one-half of professing Christians is more ardently longing at the present moment than the complete humiliation, and possibly decimation, of the other half. But within the bounds of private life we have difficulty enough in reconciling practice and principle. It is a popular belief that at this season of the year we are to be specially civil to poor or alienated relations. We know quite well that we shall not like them any the better for it. We are not so foolish as to forgive a man for an injury because he has eaten a mincepie at our expense. The perverse impecuniosity of our improvident cousins will not become a less monstrous neglect of duty because they have added to their score another item which they choose to consider rather as a matter of right than a cause for gratitude. The sentiments in which we indulge for the amusement of children are no more real than the conviviality of a man who drinks a glass of coloured water when the fear of gout prevents him from taking real wine. The whole thing is a sham, and, like other shams, only ends by intensifying the sense of the evils which it professes to ignore. Why not adopt the simple rule which some people advocate? Let everybody be perfectly natural. If a man feels sulky at Christmas time, let him eat his chop in private without being scouted as a cynic and a killjoy. The miser in Dickens's story was perfectly right for not getting up a show of geniality. In the story, of course, his conversion is taken to be genuine, and his concession to the ordinary customs of mankind is rewarded by his becoming permanently a social being. It would not have been so in reality. Next morning he would have had a bad headache from the excess to which he was not accustomed; and a week afterwards he would have been as hardened a skinflint as ever, with perhaps an additional touch of bitterness due to the sense of the folly he had committed. If only everybody would act up to his own character, the jovial might be as jovial as now, but they would not be allowed to insult or annoy their less excitable fellow-beings by dragging them at the car of a sham festivity.

Luckily, the question need not generally be put in this uncompromising fashion. A large part of the population is at the age when genuine high spirits are still to be had for the asking, and habit has not ossified their tissues into unbending rigidity. Another large part is unluckily in a condition in which a rough approximation to a satisfactory meal is still a cause for unfeigned rejoicing. They can take such goods as Christmas provides them without any uncomfortable doubts, and will need no casuistry to

persuade them of the advantages of even animal forms of enjoyment. People who have become more morbidly sensitive must strike out such a rough compromise as is available under the circumstances. The suggestion that we should be perfectly natural is unfortunately impracticable. Whatever philosophers may attempt to prove to the contrary, human beings are not a set of unconnected units, and the purely self-regarding class of actions is simply a class which does not exist. We are bound to settle some terms of communication with our neighbours, and every social rule involves certain compliances which may at times become hypocritical. Unless we are prepared to reveal to everybody who comes in contact with us all the emotions of dislike or weariness or ill-temper which he may excite, we must sanction a certain number of formalities which are at times more or less distressing. The only comfort is that, as the world becomes more civilized, its ceremonial tends to become less cumbrous. The old elaborate observances of former days which look very picturesque in artistic representations would undoubtedly be intolerable bores in practice. We have become too old for the mummeries which amused our more simple-minded ancestors, and so far we are freed from a vexatious bondage. As time goes on, we may hope that the tendency will be not to abolish observances founded upon a real need, but to make the machinery work as smoothly and with as little complexity as possible. Perhaps, too, when we all regard each other with unfeigned brotherly love, we shall be all glad of any excuse for giving the first possible vent to the sentiments with which we are oppressed. At present that day seems to be rather distant, and the best we can do is to submit with as much good temper as we can to the demands of our friends, and at least avoid damping their spirits, if we cannot indulge in very extravagant outbursts of hilarity. In return we can only invite them to look with toleration upon our comparative calmness.

THE GOVERNMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE Governing Body of Rugby School have not yet issued any formal explanation of their reasons for dismissing Dr. Hayman from the Head-Mastership, but the *Times* has published what it calls a "fair description" of the transaction, which has apparently been derived from an official source. This document shows, as the *Times* puts it, that a series of collisions had arisen between Dr. Hayman and his assistants, that the Governing Body always pronounced with greater or less severity against the Head-Master, and finally dismissed him on the ground of general failure in office. As it appears that the failure in office, if there was any failure, was owing to the collisions between the Head-Master and his Assistants, it is natural to inquire how these collisions arose. Dr. Hayman was elected Head-Master of Rugby at the end of 1869, in succession to Dr. Temple, who had just been made Bishop of Exeter. There were eight other candidates for the appointment, and, as might be expected under such circumstances, the choice of Dr. Hayman did not give universal satisfaction. The friends and admirers of the disappointed candidates naturally thought that a better selection might have been made, and the Assistant-Masters had also preferences or pretensions of their own. Whether Dr. Hayman was or was not the best man for the place is a question with which we have for our present purpose nothing to do. The Trustees thought that he was the best man, and the decision rested with the Trustees, and not with any other persons. It is no doubt desirable that the Head-Master of a Public School should enjoy the confidence of his subordinates; but, according to the existing organization of these institutions, it is not the Assistant-Masters who are called upon to elect their chief. It is necessary to lay some emphasis on this point, because, obvious as it is, it seems to have been overlooked in some of the criticisms on this subject. The right of election is vested absolutely in the Governing Body—at that time the Trustees—who act on their own responsibility, and not under a *congé d'élire* from the Assistant-Masters. It is possible that the Assistant-Masters may be much more capable of discharging this duty than any other persons; but that is one of the questions which we do not propose to discuss. The law, as it stands, says that the Head-Master shall be chosen by the Governing Body; and when he has been chosen, it is clearly the business of the staff of the school to submit themselves loyally and faithfully to their superior. Whether he does or does not come up to their standard of an ideal Head-Master is a question with which it is unnecessary that they should trouble themselves. They may reflect that they are not responsible for his appointment, and that there is no compulsion on them to serve under a principal whom, for good or bad reasons, they dislike.

What happened at Rugby was this. Dr. Hayman was no sooner elected than a number of Assistant-Masters protested against the appointment on the ground of certain alleged informalities in some of Dr. Hayman's testimonials. They declared that their sense of honour was outraged, and that they could not serve under any one who had done what Dr. Hayman had done. The Trustees, however, who were the proper judges of the relevancy and value of testimonials, did not take the same view of the matter, and the appointment was confirmed. A second request from the Assistant-Masters—we are now quoting from the *Daily News*, one of the organs of the Masters on this subject—to the Trustees to hear their views was ignored. The Masters, it is stated, were at this time ready to resign, but they took counsel with their friends, and were strongly advised to remain and do their best for the

school. Accordingly they not only remained, but from time to time accepted promotion at the hands of their new chief. In what manner they acted upon the other part of the counsel is one of the questions at issue between them and Dr. Hayman. They may have thought that the best they could do for the school was to get Dr. Hayman out of it; and that this was their policy may almost be inferred from the fact that they again revived in the form of a Parliamentary petition the accusations against their chief which had already been disposed of by the Trustees. At the same time Dr. Hayman was persistently attacked by anonymous correspondents of the newspapers, who continually repeated the same charges. It is obvious that attacks of this kind could not fail to keep alive in Dr. Hayman's mind the recollection of his first reception by the Masters, and to colour his interpretation of their subsequent conduct. There can be no doubt that for the last four years the atmosphere of Rugby has been charged with stormy elements; the Masters and their chief did not work cordially together, and the want of concord among the teachers naturally produced a bad effect among the scholars. A Head-Master is, or ought to be, an autocrat, yet there is no one who is so dependent on his subordinates in almost every part of his work. It is quite clear that a Head-Master cannot carry on a great school single-handed. He must have assistants; and, if he and his assistants do not work together in mutual confidence and esteem, it is certain that the work must break down. A Public School cannot be managed successfully as long as there are collisions between the Head-Master and the other Masters; but the question here is, who is responsible for these collisions? It will be observed that the Assistant-Masters received Dr. Hayman on the very threshold of office in a hostile spirit; that they repeated their aspersions after the Trustees had set them aside; and that they continued to adhere to this line of conduct after Dr. Hayman had been for some time in office, and after they had themselves decided not to resign, but to remain and "do the best they could for the school." What the Trustees thought of the conduct of the Masters will be seen from the following Minute, which was published in the course of 1871:—

They think that the under Masters should never confer with the boys, not even with the sixth form, on points of school discipline, without the knowledge of the Head-Master.

The Trustees feel it now their duty, in justice to the Head-Master, to impress upon the under Masters generally the necessity, for the good of the school, of giving to the Head-Master not only a nominal, but a cordial co-operation and support.

We now come to a change in the government of the school. Dr. Hayman had been little more than a year at Rugby when the Trustees who had elected him were replaced by the new Governing Body, which contained several members who had from the first keenly and violently opposed the appointment. Bishop Temple, for example, forgetting the decencies of official life, had taken a prominent part in the early attacks upon his successor; and he had now to sit as a judge upon a case in which he had held a brief as an advocate. It is almost amusing to observe how when the new Governing Body came into power, it was tacitly assumed that the whole place lay under the spell of some kind of superstitious bondage to the spirit of the late Head-Master, so that everything was to be done exactly as he had been accustomed to do it, and everything was to stand exactly as he had left it, and not a pipkin was to be displaced. The Trustees had set aside the original charges against the Head-Master; but as several of the new Governors had identified themselves with the Assistant-Masters in this respect, it was perhaps not unnatural that the latter should be encouraged to imagine that they had now the sympathies of at least a part of the Governing Body on their side. It is obviously hopeless for a Head-Master to attempt to cope with disaffected subordinates unless he is firmly supported by the Governing Body; and this support appears from the moment the new Governors came into office to have been systematically withheld from Dr. Hayman. If a school is to be managed through the Head-Master, it is indispensable that he should be allowed a certain amount of discretion in dealing with the *personnel* of the establishment. It would seem, however, that at Rugby the Governing Body insisted that Dr. Hayman should carry on the school without making any change in the original staff; and on all the questions submitted to them they sided with the Masters against their Head. Dr. Hayman complains that some of the Masters treated him in an unfriendly and disrespectful manner, and it is easy to understand that there are many ways of thwarting and insulting a Head-Master without doing anything which can be very distinctly proved. The broad facts of the case are that the Assistant-Masters, in the first instance, assumed the right of sitting in judgment on their superior, condemned him, and took care to publish their verdict; that they maintained this attitude of hostility even after the Trustees had condemned it; and that the new Governing Body insisted upon the Head-Master conducting the school with a staff of assistants a large proportion of whom were committed to a public declaration—for it was, if not formally, at least practically public—that, on moral grounds, he was disqualified to hold office. For the Head-Master this was simply an impossible task. What could be expected of a commander-in-chief who at the beginning of a campaign received a public intimation that his generals deemed him deficient, not only in military qualities, but in personal honour? It must be remembered that in a school, as in an army, it is not merely a question between the chief and his assistants; there is, in the one

case, the school, in the other, the army looking on. It is evident that Rugby School must from the outset of this affair have been put in a fair way of becoming disorganized by the position deliberately assumed by the Assistant-Masters towards their superior. And, in order to mend matters, the Governing Body not only espoused the cause of the disaffected Masters, but themselves did all they could to discredit the head of the school, and to paralyse his activity—as, for instance, when they last year issued the Minute suggesting to Dr. Hayman that "it was due to the interests of the school that he should lose no time in retiring from the office of Head-Master." The mistake which the Governing Body committed was, it seems to us, in imagining that a Head-Master could possibly conduct a school under such circumstances. If they thought that Dr. Hayman was unfit for the position he occupied, they should have assumed the responsibility of removing him at once; and as they refrained from doing so, it must be supposed that they had not sufficient grounds for taking this step. On the other hand, as they allowed him to remain at the head of the school, they were bound to give him a staff of assistants with whom it was possible for him to work. What the Governing Body in effect did was to make the conditions of the task impracticable, and then to dismiss Dr. Hayman because he could not perform an obvious impossibility. It was perhaps from the beginning a question whether the Head-Master, or certain of the Assistant-Masters who had taken the lead in opposing him, should be dismissed. We do not say which course the Governing Body should have taken; we say only that they should have taken one course or the other openly and boldly. They might or might not have been justified in dismissing Dr. Hayman, but assuredly they were not justified in retaining him in office, and at the same time refusing him the necessary means of maintaining his command over the school. It would appear, therefore, that for Dr. Hayman's "general failure in office" the Governing Body are themselves responsible, and that from first to last he has never had fair play.

It may be said broadly that the Head-Master of Rugby has been dismissed because the Assistant-Masters disapproved of him. The Masters may or may not have been right in forming this opinion, but it is rather a serious question whether Public Schools are henceforth to be managed in deference to the opinions of the teaching staff. The importance of this question is strikingly illustrated by the recent conduct of the Masters at Eton. It may be said that, if the boarding charges had previously not been excessive, the addition which was asked for was not unreasonable; but that was not the question. The question was whether the school was to be governed by the Governing Body or by the Masters. The former had forbidden the Masters to make any increase in their charges, and the Masters claimed the right to disregard this prohibition and to use their own discretion in the matter. It appears that other differences—happily of a minor kind—have since arisen between the Head-Master and some of his assistants. It is clearly necessary that some understanding should be come to as to the extent to which Assistant-Masters are entitled to dictate to their superiors how a school should be conducted. It is important to remember that Public Schools exist after all, not for the benefit of the Masters, but for the benefit of the public. Hitherto it has been supposed that the only way of managing an institution of this kind efficiently was to make the Head-Master absolute, and to throw upon him the responsibility of keeping everything in order. The new Governing Bodies have not been long in existence, but it cannot be said that they have attained much success in the discharge of their delicate and important duties. If they attempt to reverse the old system, to depose the Head-Masters, and to manage the schools themselves under the advice of the Assistant-Masters, the consequences may be expected to be exceedingly disastrous to the institutions under their charge.

THE LESSER CHURCHES OF ROME.

WE have spoken of the Basilican type of church in general, and of some of those great churches in Rome to which the name of Basilica is applied in a special sense. But, after the havoc which the greater buildings have undergone, almost more may be learned from those smaller buildings—including some which technically rank as Basilicas and some which do not—on which the hand of Papal devastation has on the whole fallen less heavily. In the case of the smaller churches the destroyers have commonly been contented with disfiguring the outside, sticking up some fulsome inscription to record the munificence of the disfigurer, and spoiling the inside as far as may be by incongruous attempts at ornament. But the main features, the columns with their arcades or entablatures, have, with a few exceptions, been spared, and the apse with its mosaics has very commonly been spared also. Hence many a church which looks most unpromising without will be found to contain rich stores of instruction within, and it may be laid down as a practical rule at Rome, and indeed in Italy generally, to pass nothing by simply because the outside is unattractive.

It is not easy to throw oneself into the position of the disfigurers of these ancient Roman buildings. We can understand how—especially at Rome—men may have preferred classical to mediæval architecture, and may have thought it a good work to make the one give way to the other. We can understand a man thinking a monolith column with a Corinthian capital a fairer object than

the richest cluster at Lincoln or Ely. The truth of course is that each is equally beautiful, equally fitting, in its proper place. But the strange thing is that a man should think that he was working an improvement by taking away or hiding the columns of St. John Lateran to put masses of Jesuitical ugliness instead; and it is no less strange that even a Pope should think it worth while to commemorate such an achievement as cutting through the original round-headed windows of the famous church of St. Clement to stick in hideous square things instead. Yet a later Clement—we forget his number, but we felt inclined to turn Clement into Inclement—has thus barbarously dealt with the church of his apostolical namesake. Still St. Clement has not suffered like the patriarchal church. The columns are there; the primitive arrangements are there; nay the earlier church is there below, and the temple, or whatever it was, of Mithras is below that. Rome contains so much that even a succession of *Renaissance* Popes could not destroy everything; their wasting fury has mainly spent itself on the greatest objects of their city, and the smaller buildings, with their rich stores of art and history, have thus escaped comparatively unhurt.

The Christian Basilicas, as we have already explained, arose largely out of the spoils of heathen buildings, and not uncommonly on the sites of heathen temples. The columns of the churches were commonly the columns of earlier buildings used up again. But their architects seem seldom to have made use of the columns of the temples on the site of which they were building. The fact is that the columns of the temples were seldom suited for that purpose. The columns of the portico of a temple, columns which, with their entablature, made up the full height of the wall, were too lofty to be employed in the inside of a church which came at all short of the very greatest scale. Translated to the inside of the Basilica, the column had to bear its arch, perhaps a stilt between its abacus and the arch, to bear the clerestory range above, and the space between arcade and clerestory devoted to mosaics or other kinds of enrichment. Sometimes, again, in the Christian, as in the heathen, Basilica there was one arcade or colonnade above another. Smaller columns than those of the temples had therefore to be used for all but the very greatest churches, and we thus get the curious sight of churches built on the sites of ancient temples, out of the spoils of ancient temples, but with the columns of the temples on whose site they stand remaining unused and embedded in the walls. This may be seen at St. Mary in *Cosmedin*, where five stately columns of the original temple are built up in the western and northern walls. It is almost more striking at St. Nicolas in *Carcere*, where the church—one of no great size—takes in parts of three neighbouring temples, with columns of different orders. In both churches the arcades rest on much smaller columns, doubtless brought from somewhere else. Had the columns of the original porticoes been used for the churches, the churches must have been built on the scale of the Lateran or the Vatican Basilica.

The different churches made up in this way out of heathen fragments show widely differing degrees of skill in the way in which the fragments are worked together. A range has to be made in which the arches must spring from the same level, while the columns which serve to support them are often of different sizes, very often of different orders, and therefore with shafts of different proportions and capitals of different forms. Add to this that at Rome, as at Ravenna, the need was often felt of putting in a new member, a stilt or its equivalent, between the abacus of the capital and the actual springing of the arch. Sometimes all this is done in a very rude and inartistic way. Thus, at St. George in *Velabro* the arches hang in the most awkward way over the capitals of various kinds, with and without stilts; and some slender columns with Corinthian capitals are cruelly set to support a wide projecting mass, after the fashion of the market-place at Verona. In other cases the work is done far more skilfully. The arch, the stilt, if there be any, and the capital itself, are all worked harmoniously together. Any inequality in the height of the columns is often got over by making a difference in the bases, where it strikes the eye less than it does in the capitals. This is done with one of the columns in the small church of St. Bartholomew-in-the-Island, said to be the work of the Emperor Otto the Third. It is but a small building; but so much as has escaped the disfiguring hands of Popes and Cardinals is worthy to have been the work of the Wonder of the World. Two fine arcades, with Composite columns well fitted to their arches, form the main feature. In other cases where columns and capitals of different kinds are used, those opposite to one another are often made to agree. Ionic capitals are often set opposite Ionic, Corinthian opposite Corinthian, plain shafts opposite plain, and fluted opposite fluted. In this way we get that same diversity in uniformity, or uniformity in diversity, which distinguishes mediæval art from classical. It is especially common, according to a fashion which we have already noticed as being usual in the Basilicas of Lucca, to mark the extent of the choir by some difference in the architecture at that point, by breaking the continuous range of columns by a square pier, by using a pair of columns at that point different from the rest of the range, or by any other means which might come into the architect's head. The breaking of a continuous range by a square pier at this point comes out very conspicuously in the famous upper church of St. Clement, the building where the primitive arrangement of the *chorus cantorum* in front of the altar is better preserved than anywhere else. And in St. Mary in *Cosmedin*, though the actual arrangement of the choir is less perfectly preserved than in St. Clement, its effect on the arrangements of the structure is yet

more marked. Instead of a continuous arcade, we have in this church a range in which three groups of arches are divided by two massive pieces of wall. The altar stands in its proper place on the chord of the apse; its steps are marked by a group of three arches on each side; the ambones stand against a massive pier; four arches again mark the extent of the choir; then another massive pier and four more arches to the west. Again, in the centre of the eastern group of four arches a pair of fluted columns, with plain ones on each side of them, stand opposite to each other; and in the centre of the western group two capitals with figures stand opposite to each other, all the other capitals in the church being Corinthian of different degrees of goodness and badness. From this there is only one step to the spanning arches of St. Praxedes cutting through the line of the entablature, the forerunners of the glories of St. Zeno.

When the custom of thus marking off the choir has been once taken in in churches where it is so clearly marked as in St. Clement and St. Mary in *Cosmedin*, it becomes easy to recognize the same feeling in a less strongly marked form elsewhere. Though the primitive choir did not, like the mediæval choir, stretch across from pillar to pillar, though it was not marked off by any great architectural feature like our chancel-arches, yet there clearly was a wish to mark in the building itself the point to which this division of the church was meant to reach. We see this in the Basilica of St. Agnes-without-the-Walls, a building remarkable on many grounds. This church has round three sides a gallery following the same arrangements of columns and arches as the greater stage below. Allowing for the difference between classical columns and massive square piers, the arrangement is exactly the same as that of the Great Minster at Zürich. Here again the only pair of fluted columns in the lower range seems to mark the extent of the choir, and in the smaller upper range, where there is greater variety, plain, fluted, and twisted columns carefully answer to one another. St. Agnes is one of the most pleasing of the Roman churches, and it is still more important as supplying the key to the original state of a far more wonderful building, the great church of St. Laurence-without-the-Walls. Here we are staggered to find the purely Greek construction with the column and entablature applied to the inside of a church so late as the days of Honorius the Fourth, the adversary of Frederick the Second. We are hardly less staggered to find the altar standing, without any apse or triumphal arch, against a flat east end—we use the word "east" conventionally—with a gallery like that at the east end of St. Agnes. Nor is it much less wonderful in a Roman church to find that altar at the end of a long raised choir, parted off from the nave by an arch after the manner of churches north of the Alps. The key to all this is to be found in one of the strangest transformations that any church ever went through. The present choir is the original church turned round, with the original apse pulled down and a nave built on in its stead. The arch of triumph thus becomes a chancel-arch in the English sense, leading into what is now the choir, and the altar with the Bishop's throne behind it is moved to the (conventional) west end of the original church, now become the (conventional) east. In this choir—the original church—a gallery like that of St. Agnes, taking the form of an arcade, rests on a lower stage which consists of noble fluted Corinthian columns. These support an entablature, one pair alone having capitals introducing human figures. The greater part of the height of the columns is hidden by the arrangements of the choir, and their full proportion can be seen only by looking down into what were the aisles. The entablature is made up of scraps of friezes from different places. Yet they fit together better than might have been looked for, and the whole effect is striking and not wholly unsatisfactory. The entablature does not seem out of place when it merely supports the light gallery above; and it forms a marked contrast to the effect of the same construction in the nave, where the columns have, as in the Liberian Basilica, to support a heavy wall, answering to the triforium and clerestory range.

The capitals of these churches are of course commonly classical capitals used up again. Among them we get every variety of Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite forms; the Doric, as at St. Peter in *Vinculis*, is rare. Sometimes, as in a side chapel of St. Praxedes, we find later imitations, such Ionic, for instance, as would be made in the time of Pope Paschal the First. We have already mentioned a few cases of the use of the capitals which introduce human forms. These belong to a class whose history needs minutely working out. The trophy capital, as we may call it, made up of armour without any actual human figure, is found in the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Capitals with the actual human figure, capitals of the most splendid workmanship, may be seen lying about, seemingly uncared for, in the Baths of Caracalla. Among the fragments found in the lower chambers of the Tabularium or the Senatorial Palace are capitals no less well wrought, in which volutes are made of animal forms. These varieties are most important in the true history of architecture. Here, in classical Rome, we find ourselves on the high road to the rams of St. Ambrose, to the eagles of Lucca, Wetzlar, and Gelnhausen. In everything, to one who recognizes the continuity of history, and therein the continuity of architecture, to one who does not dream that there was any time when the building art perished from the earth, the works of classic Rome are but a transition to the more perfect works of Pisa and Durham; and the age of Diocletian, though its bricks may be wider apart than bricks were in the golden age of Nero, is seen to be the age of the greatest architectural development that the world ever saw.

NEW CHICAGO.

THE second anniversary of the great Chicago conflagration has been celebrated by one of the local magazines, the *Lakeside Monthly*, in a special number containing seventeen papers, every one of which bears a title of this kind—"The Chicago of the Educator," "The Chicago of the Business Man," "The Chicago of the Manufacturer," and so on. In short, we have seventeen special Chicagos considered in a review of the big general Chicago, whose name has already been so widely "advertised" (as the inhabitants themselves say) by the remarkable rapidity of its growth and the suddenness of its destruction.

What the United States are to the rest of the world, Chicago is to the United States. It is the concentrated essence of Americanism. The peculiar state or temper of the human mind in which material growth and extension are its only objects, and all its forces are concentrated with the utmost intensity on these, has never been so perfectly developed as in the United States; and if we were asked what city in that country showed that temper in its most energetic form, we might possibly think once of Boston or New York, but should certainly relinquish them for Chicago. Just as the United States are the newest of great nations, so Chicago is the newest of great cities; and as the States look forward to an almost indefinite increase of wealth and population in the future, so Chicago expects in its own mind to become the biggest and richest city on earth. In this condition of temper and feeling, it is not surprising that we should hear a good deal of exultation. A people very busy and prosperous, and just enough educated to be capable of reading and writing incessantly about itself in a multitude of cheap periodical publications, is sure to develop a continual supply of brag. Such a people is very much in a condition that is known to us by specimens in our own country, the condition of the clever and active Manchester or Bradford man who, beginning with nothing but native strength and ability and a very little elementary education, fights his way to a brilliant material success, and naturally looks back upon his career with a self-complacency that expresses itself in boasting. American brag has been long quite familiar to us, and we imagine that there must be a use for it, that it must have been ordained amongst the inscrutable intentions of nature. It acts no doubt as a stimulus, and keeps the Americans well up to their work. The Americans are like very strong boys who are always wanting to show off their strength, and who look upon every piece of physical labour to be done as an opportunity for athletic display. We really believe that when Chicago was burned down the inhabitants inwardly chuckled over the calamity as the finest possible opportunity for proving to the world the pluck and energy that was in them. The building of a new city was a match against time. So they set to work as if they had made bets with all other cities that they would rebuild Chicago in a couple of years, and they laboured all along with the idea that they were watched by the whole world.

The Chicago papers of the *Lakeside Monthly* begin with a poem by Mr. B. F. Taylor, imitated in some degree from Macaulay's manner, but decidedly above the average of magazine verses. Mr. Taylor had rather a perilous kind of subject to deal with, for it is difficult to do the tremendous in poetry when there is hardly a refuge in anything else, and this writer, we should imagine from his graceful beginning, would have done more justice to a quieter theme. Here is the central passage of the poem, in which the conflagration is described, but with rather incongruous imagery:—

The stately piles of polished stone were shattered into sand,
And madly drove the dread simoom, and snowed them on the land,
And rained them till the sea was red, and scorched the wings of prayer!
Like thistle-down ten thousand homes went drifting through the air,
And dumb Dismay walked hand in hand with frozen-eyed Despair!

The thunder of the fiery surf rolled human accents dumb;
The trumpet's clangour died away a wild bee's drowsy hum,
And breakers beat the empty world that rumbled like a drum.
O cities of the silent land! O Graceland and Roschill,
No tombs without their tenantry? the pale host sleeping still?
Your marble thresholds dawning red with holocaustal glare
As if the waking Angel's foot were set upon the stair!

There is a very sensible paper by Mr. John F. Binckley, called "The Chicago of the Thinker," in which the writer really does try to think out certain interesting questions about Chicago which suggest themselves to an intellectual inhabitant. He says that "it is the prevalent practice to ascribe the development of Chicago to the uncommon enterprise of spirit of its inhabitants," and he then immediately inquires whether there is a constitutional difference of character between the Chicagoans and the inhabitants of smaller towns in the North-West equal to the difference in the size of the towns they live in. The answer is that "when a man is known to be from the North-West, there is little about him to show whether he lives at Chicago or elsewhere." And then come some observations about one point in Chicago character which are well worth quoting at length:—

Perhaps if any characteristic of Chicago is personal enough to strike a stranger, it is the settled mental habit of taking ulterior good for granted—a business optimism in which solicitude is reserved for particular expedients, and not indulged upon comprehensive doubts, or the sometimes startling possibilities that generalizations foretell. Were a Philadelphian to experience conviction that manufacturing was to become unprofitable in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, nothing could rescue his peace of mind from destruction. But if a Chicagoan could be convinced of a time when grain and live stock would no longer seek his market, I think he would accept the event with composure, trusting, with tranquil confidence, that by the time it should come other and better trade would occupy their place.

Mr. Binckley, however, is convinced that this is "a matter of superinduced habit, not of temperament." He considers this faith in a good future as the result of an exceptionally favourable experience. It took some time to imbue the Chicago people with this trustfulness. It is true that land was sold dear, or withheld from sale when it would have fetched high prices, in the early period of the city's prosperity; but Mr. Binckley does not think that this proved the foresight of the landholders, only the disposition to make as much as possible out of what seemed to them the folly of eager enthusiasts. Even down to 1857 there remained something of the stolidity of the early settlers. The ground had been appropriated as early as the beginning of this century, but the hydrographic schemes on which the future of the place depended do not seem to have awakened the interest of the settlers. In 1830 an official came to lay out a town in the interest of the canal, yet the event "seems to have made no impression until immigrants came from the East, seeking so promising a site." From this year dates the beginning of speculation at Chicago, though not yet of any healthy trade:—

The rapid influx of emigrants, the Government work on the harbour, the location of a public land office, the presence of labourers on the harbour and canal, and the incursion from older communities of scores of adventurers, awakened not a spirit of enterprise, but of sheer speculation. For years nothing was produced for sale; and supplies from the East, even including flour, were paid for out of the proceeds of extortion upon strangers, or with money and goods unconscionably got from the Indians on occasion of their receiving annuities or in traffic. More than once legislative interference was requisite for moderating hotel charges and the like. The inhabitants held the future of their own town in such contempt that the wharf rights and school lands, worth a hundred millions to-day, were sold and bought for a few nominal thousands, the former as late as 1835, and probably never paid for at that; the supposed necessity consisting of the equally significant fact that the town, then with a population of four thousand, and no considerable municipal debt, had not a public credit for 2,000 dollars. In 1836 the port of Buffalo received a million and a quarter bushels of wheat, including a thousand brought from a petty town across the lake in Michigan; and yet even the experiment of a few bags by lake to Buffalo was not ventured on for two years later, without which the Chicago business mind could not comprehend the opportunity. To be sure the next year (1839) witnessed that the experiment warranted the trade, if it did not amaze the experimenters, and it went on until last year it was nearly a hundred million bushels of grain.

Even in 1851, when the population was already thirty thousand, Chicago supplied itself with water by means of an engine of twenty-five horse-power, and the contractor was to receive no profit for ten years but the excess power of that engine. Nobody had the least confidence in the future, and the people would not listen to projects which were based upon an anticipated increase of population. In 1849 there was no gas in the place. Mr. Binckley affirms that "a less enterprising population have seldom been found in America than that of Chicago, until a series of the most unique and irresistible constraints that ever flattered an undeserving people had made the city great." It was a people "dull, unspiritual, and strong, conditioned so as to be necessitated to execute the ideas and participate the hopes of a more fertile, polished, and luminous people." There occurred "a kind of translation of one man's ideas into another man's motives." This resulted from "the extraordinary fact that the policy of Eastern enterprise involved as an incident, at national expense, the creation of a harbour, the digging of a canal, and the endowment of a great railroad, and the building of vast plexus of railroads by private enterprise, all tributary to a place having not the least aspiration for greatness." Mr. Binckley has some exceedingly interesting observations on the influence of the first inhabitants of Chicago, showing how it has maintained itself to this day in various habits and customs which, being already established in the little town that was called Chicago, have perpetuated themselves in the great city. We are glad to observe that he sees how necessary culture is to the life of such a city as Chicago is now rapidly becoming. Perhaps he is even too severe upon its present deficiencies in this respect. European experience proves two things which ought to be a consolation for every inhabitant of Chicago who has aspirations in this direction. It proves that culture does not establish itself firmly just at first in an enterprising trading community, and it proves also that any town that is very rich and populous, and inhabited by men of European blood, is sure to have a cultivated society in it before very long. The misfortune is that the cultivated class should be so much apart and have so little influence on the general public of the place, especially on the wealthiest traders. We do not doubt that Chicago is sure to become, in the course of a generation or two, as cultivated a place as Manchester is now; that is to say, there will exist some cultivated groups of citizens in the place, and a few public buildings for the three great divisions of culture—a library for literature, a museum for science, and a gallery for art. But the bulk of the community will resist culture there as it does in Manchester. The merchants and manufacturers and their wives may have a kindly feeling towards culture, and be willing to do something for it (and even this is hoping a good deal, for there is apt to be some jealousy of cultivated people); but they are not likely to see culture otherwise than from the outside, or to have that perfect and true sympathy with it which is only possible for those who really have a share in it. No one can have a share in culture without long-sustained intellectual labour, and it is difficult for men who are occupied in trade, and for women who are occupied in the duties or pleasures of a vulgar existence, to set to work strenuously for the improvement of their minds. Even in great capitals, although the society there has the advantage of external polish and refinement from the presence during a part of

the year of the national aristocracy, the really cultivated people are a few little groups who have not very much influence on the general mass of the inhabitants. We have all possible means of culture in London, yet how many well-to-do Londoners live without making the least use of them! There is a paper in this series by Dr. Powers, the well-known Episcopalian clergyman, in which he expresses a similar desire for culture, more especially of an artistic kind:—

While the reconstruction of Chicago is such a marvel, it cannot be denied that its æsthetic aspect is dispiriting. The city, as a city, does not wear the crown that her position and resources would seem to entitle her to. No one can view her magnitude and business, or read the truthful descriptions of her material greatness given in the present number of the *Lakeside*, without a sense of incongruity and disproportion. She does not lack brain, but symmetry. She is brawny, ill-balanced, almost grotesque, with all her splendour. The city does not suggest cultivation and refinement; but immense material energy.

Whilst fully sharing the desire which Dr. Powers expresses for a better æsthetic culture in Chicago, we think that he cannot reasonably expect much more for the present than what the place has already attained to. He says that "the idea of art, of a great multitude, seems to be limited to fine tailoring, upholstery, and crockery." All this is very natural; it is not quite satisfactory, but it is quite in accordance with the usual habits and tendencies of human nature. A prosperous business community likes tailoring, upholstery, and crockery, and likes to see its wealth reflected in these things. Even when it begins to buy pictures and engravings it likes to see something for its money. The art that it most enjoys is highly finished handicraft, such as the gilding and painting on a pretty dinner-service, or the clever painting of a fine carriage. We think that Dr. Powers gives an example of good taste to his fellow-citizens when he objects to the modern American custom of arranging shops and counting-houses in such enormous palatial blocks. They have considerable grandeur, no doubt, but as Dr. Powers judiciously observes, they interfere with the effect of the real public buildings, which are dwarfed by them. There is scarcely a church in Europe which would not be either dwarfed or at least considerably injured by the immediate neighbourhood of a block like the new Sherman House at Chicago. It would do harm even to the loftiest cathedral.

There are some interesting statistics in the paper on Education by Mr. Leander Stone. The value of school buildings and their furniture is nearly thirteen hundred thousand dollars. There are fifty-one buildings and between five and six hundred teachers, with an actual attendance of thirty-five thousand pupils. The Bible has been removed from the public schools of Cincinnati and St. Louis, but is still read in those of Chicago, the teachers being "careful to select such portions as are not controverted by any body of Christian people; and up to the present time no serious objection has been raised to this course." Besides the children in the public schools, there are more than fourteen thousand in private educational institutions. Then there are medical schools, a law school, and a university. Notwithstanding all this rich provision for education, there would still however be room for the action of a School Board, as 28,000 children ought to be in school and are not. "But this," says Mr. Stone, "though a large number, should be considered in connexion with the fact that, in the bustle and whirl of our great commercial activity, very many children are removed from school and put to work as soon as they obtain a knowledge of the most elementary branches."

Mr. Stone tells us that all the places of worship, without exception, that were destroyed by the great fire have been rebuilt, or are in process of rebuilding, in a manner very superior to their former style. This is what always happens after destruction by fire, when a community is wealthy enough to seize the occasion. Men seek in the improvement a sort of compensation for their loss, and find a satisfaction in reflecting that, if a great misfortune has deprived them of what they had before, at least they have improved their condition by erecting in its place a structure either more useful and commodious or else more in accordance with their ideal. It is natural that when all the "business blocks" are re-erected on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, the churches must be larger and handsomer than they were before. For reasons already given, all public buildings in a city like Chicago, where the "business blocks" are so imposing, have a difficult part to sustain, and need both size and beauty, but size especially. Different writers agree in telling us that there is an unusual degree of mutual respect and forbearance among the sects of Chicago. It is said "that Chicago contains the most liberal orthodox and the most orthodox liberal clergy and people to be found anywhere in the world."

Under the head "The Chicago of the Business Man," Mr. Sheahan tells us that there is a Clearing-house to which go daily the cheques given in the course of ordinary business, and whilst they do not represent the entire expenditure in buying and selling, any increase or decrease in this volume indicates the increase and decrease of the general buying and selling in the daily trade of Chicago. Comparing a period in 1872—namely, from the week ending May 5, to the week ending September 20, inclusively—with the corresponding period in 1873, we have the following figures, which are interesting as evidence, in a very compressed form, of the amount of business done and the proportionate increase:—

1872	.	.	.	\$439,794,329
1873	.	.	.	\$505,358,386

Chicago is a great centre of periodical literature. It supplies seven hundred different country editors with newspapers printed on one side, leaving the other blank for the local news. Thirty monthly

magazines are published in Chicago, and the daily papers appear also in other forms, three times a week or weekly. There are very large morning and evening journals with very long telegraphic despatches, and the wonder is how the Americans absorb such a huge supply of periodical literature of all kinds. Another American peculiarity is the great amount of good hotel accommodation. There are forty of what are called "principal" hotels (we know not how many others), and these forty offer more than five thousand rooms amongst them.

We are sorry not to have space for more details about Chicago, its tunnels far out under the lake to get pure water, its vast system of sewers, its river whose current was actually reversed and made to flow from the lake instead of into it for sanitary reasons, its great number of railways, its docks, wide streets, good lighting, smooth pavements, tramways, manufactures. In all the practical setting-up of a great modern city the Chicagoans have proved themselves not less clever and decided than the builders of modern Paris. We can readily excuse a little boasting, which is natural under the circumstances, whilst it does nobody any harm, and we heartily wish the people of Chicago a long enjoyment of the fine new buildings they have just erected, and prosperity in the future to add indefinitely to their number.

BISHOP REINKENS'S LAST PASTORAL.

IT is hardly to be wondered at that the Papal Encyclical to which we called attention a fortnight ago should have provoked a rejoinder from the Old Catholic Bishop Reinkens. The Pope did not indeed perpetrate the gratuitous blunder which the *Times*' theologian, with characteristic inaccuracy, put into his mouth. He never asserted that Reinkens could not possibly be a bishop because he was out of communion with the Holy See, which would have involved the whole Oriental episcopate in the same condemnation; nor did he "declare his pretended consecration invalid." On the contrary, he was careful to distinguish between the "uncanonical, unlawful, and utterly invalid election" of "the said Joseph Hubert," whom he therefore pronounced to be "no lawful bishop," and his "sacrilegious consecration"—sacrilege being, of course, the profanation of a sacrament, not the imitation of it. At the same time "those new heretics who call themselves Old Catholics" were, not to mince matters, very soundly rated for their misdeeds. They are "unhappy sons of perdition"; they are "going on more boldly in the way of iniquity"; there is "nothing wanting to their impudence"; and the Pastoral of a "certain notorious apostate from the Catholic Faith," whom they have made their bishop, is designated "that impious and most impudent of documents." Hard words, it has been truly said, break no bones; but these are very hard words indeed—and we have given but a few specimens of the Papal rhetoric—and it is only natural that the victims of so many and such hearty maledictions should claim the right of reply. The question has now become so variously complicated with Prussian politics that it is difficult sometimes to disentangle the religious quarrel of the Old Catholics and the "Vaticanists" from the quarrel of the German bishops with Prince Bismarck; and Pius IX. not unnaturally does his best to confound the two. It would perhaps have been better if Bishop Reinkens had shown less readiness to follow his lead, for the theological and political controversies, however closely connected, are really quite distinct. It looks certainly as if the only chance of ultimate success for the ecclesiastical policy of the Prussian Government must be found, as we have before had occasion to remark, in such a development of the Old Catholic party, or at least of the principles it supports, as may supply a religious basis for the grave alterations in the existing system of Church discipline which Bismarck is seeking to enforce. But it does not follow that the Old Catholics are wise in identifying themselves so completely as Bishop Reinkens seems inclined to do with what must be regarded on the whole, and in the method of applying it, as a policy of downright persecution, however justifiable or even valuable some of the particular regulations—as, for instance, about clerical education—may be in themselves. Even if every incident of the new system were in itself beneficial—and Bishop Reinkens would probably scruple to affirm so much as that—an internal reform of the Church differs materially in character from an external change forced on her by a hostile Government. The Tudor Reformation was a tolerably rough and ready procedure; but the Tudor sovereigns were at least professedly members, and claimed to be supreme governors, of the communion they were engaged in remoulding. The German Emperor is a Protestant, and does not pretend to any spiritual fellowship with the Church which he is so rudely manipulating, still less to any spiritual jurisdiction over it. The only plea on which his legislation can be consistently justified is precisely that which its author seems unable or unwilling to establish. Prince Bismarck has no doubt publicly charged the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy with disaffection, and something more than disaffection, to the new order of things in Germany, and there is nothing intrinsically improbable in the allegation. But when challenged by the inculpated parties to prove his charges, he vouchsafes no response; yet nothing short of proved disloyalty could excuse—to take one instance only—the imposition of the revised form of episcopal oath which has just been published, and of which we shall have a word to say presently.

The Civil Marriage Bill, or, as it should rather be called in its present form, Civil Registration Bill—for it applies to births and deaths as

well as marriages—stands on a different ground. Whether the introduction of the measure in a compulsory shape is desirable, or is best suited to the actual circumstances of the case, is a point fairly open to debate; but in some shape or other such an arrangement has become almost a necessity in countries of divided religions, and the only wonder is that it should not have been introduced into Prussia before now. Discretionary civil marriage is already the law of Austria, and compulsory civil marriage has prevailed for half a century in the Rhineland. It is curious that a change which, in the peculiar religious atmosphere of modern Germany, is thought likely to promote a further loosening of the remaining bonds of popular belief, should have been brought about, as it evidently has been, by the action of the Ultramontane party now dominant in the Church. It is a fresh example of the widening circles of influence radiating from the Vatican dogmas in a direction the very opposite of what was contemplated by those who framed them.

But it is time to say something of Bishop Reinkens's Pastoral, the principal passages of which, containing a severe criticism of the last Encyclical, have now been reproduced in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The writer is more successful in exhibiting the weakness of Papal rhetoric than the justice of the new Prussian laws. Constantine, Justinian, and Charlemagne may have exercised a greater authority in things spiritual than the Emperor William, but they were members and strenuous supporters of the Church, and were acting in substantial accord with the hierarchy of the day. No doubt, again, the favourite Ultramontane analogy between the old heathen persecutions and the present action of the Prussian Government, or the two "Caesarisms," as Archbishop Manning calls them, breaks down in essential particulars; but that does not prove that the Prussian laws afford no legitimate ground of complaint. There are persecutions and persecutions, and a nineteenth-century statesman, however unfriendly to Christianity or to any one form of it, would not be likely to offer recalcitrant Christians their choice between apostasy and the lions. Bishop Reinkens seems to think the disobedience of the Prussian bishops to the new laws sufficient evidence of their disaffection to the State, and in this he does but echo Dr. Falk's words in the recent debate in the Landtag. Yet Prince Bismarck's legislation can hardly have been called forth by the conduct to which it has given rise. It is more to the purpose to point out that many of these regulations have been sanctioned or quietly acquiesced in elsewhere by the Roman authorities, without any such disastrous results as the Pope now professes to anticipate; but this plea by no means covers the whole ground. Several examples of usurpations on the temporal domain by former Popes, from Innocent III. downwards, which will be familiar to readers of "Janus," are next cited; but, except on the principle of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," they do not seem more relevant than Lord Russell's rather perplexing postscript to Sir G. Bowyer about the former services of the Whigs to the cause of Catholic Emancipation. The Prussian bishops might reply with much plausibility that it was rather hard that their spiritual rights should be invaded in retaliation for the civil encroachments of mediæval Pontiffs, or that the zeal of Liberals for religious liberty in the past should be held to give them *carte blanche* for religious intolerance in the present. Bishop Reinkens is more in his element, and writes with moderation and force of argument, when he comes to vindicate his own religious position as that of "the ante-Vatican Catholic Church," and the legitimacy, on principles of ancient canon law, of his election and consecration to the episcopate, and of the line taken by the "deeply injured Church of Utrecht," from which he derived his succession. The closing paragraph of the Pastoral is dignified and Christian in tone, but does not call for special remark.

The Pastoral makes no reference, as far as we have observed, to the new episcopal oath which has been published within the last few days, and which is henceforth to be exacted of every newly elected bishop in the kingdom of Prussia. Bishop Reinkens, we believe, took it himself, and was no doubt able to take it with a good conscience; but as it includes, among other things, an express stipulation to obey strictly, and cause others to obey, "the laws of the State," objections may not unreasonably be raised by others to a formula so comprehensive, or—to use Dr. Manning's term, so "cynical"—as apparently to embrace all future legislation of whatever kind, while it at once implicitly endorses the very laws which are just now the subject of such bitter contention. There is nothing, indeed, in an engagement to observe and enforce on others the observance of the law, and to give no support to any association whatever either within or without the country prejudicial to the State, but, on the contrary, to warn the sovereign against it, that is not easily susceptible of a reasonable interpretation. But the wording of the oath, when interpreted by the circumstances of its composition, points unmistakably to a promise to obey the laws which the Prussian bishops are just now, one after another, incurring fines and prospective deprivation for refusing to comply with, and to hold no communication with the Court of Rome. The see of Fulda is vacant at this moment by the death of its last occupant, and five names of candidates have been submitted to the Government by the Chapter; and other sees will shortly be vacated by civil deprivation, if not by death; and in all these cases the new oath will be required as a condition of the Royal sanction to any fresh nominee. It is difficult to see how any bishop in communion with Rome can take it in the sense in which alone it would be accepted by the civil power. When, therefore, Dr. Falk said the other day in his reply to Herr Reichen sperger, "To say that we wish to disturb the Catholic faith

is an untruth; nay, I will go further and change the objective into the subjective—it is a lie," his statement requires explanation. It may be true "objectively" that the new laws do not interfere with the Catholic faith, and that Bishop Reinkens is quite as good a Catholic as Archbishop Ledochowski. But, even so, it is not the less certain "subjectively" that they do very seriously trench on what the Roman Catholic prelates regard as matters of principle. And, while the objective aspect of the question is what mainly concerns theologians, we cannot but think that in an age and country of mixed religions the subjective can alone be fitly dealt with by the State.

At the same time we need not travel beyond the elaborate paper already referred to on "Caesarism and Ultramontanism," which Archbishop Manning read last Tuesday before the "Academia of the Catholic Religion," to understand how professedly Liberal statesmen may have been prompted to enter on a policy so little in accordance with Liberal ideas. There is force in much of what the Archbishop says about "the Falk legislation," but he seems unconscious of the very vulnerable points in his own defensive armour. It is startling to be told that "Ultramontanism"—it is a term Dr. Manning glories in—is absolutely identical with Christianity and with "the liberty of the soul"; and Ultramontanism is expressly and with reiterated emphasis explained to mean the absolute supremacy of the Church over the State "within its own sphere" of faith, morals, "and mixed questions," the limits of which it can alone decide and decide infallibly. The Bull *Unam Sanctam*—which declares every creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff—and the definitions of the Vatican Council are quoted as examples of such decisions. On the other hand, the tyranny and religious persecution which follow from denying these Ultramontane principles is exemplified by the Tudor legislation, which "enforced a legal religion in England and Ireland by penal statutes." We have nothing to say for the Tudor legislation, but Dr. Manning has apparently forgotten that Mary Tudor enforced the "legal religion" with the most stringent "penal" severity of all who bore her name, and that the same legal religion was similarly enforced under the penalty of fire for centuries before the Tudors came to the throne. That religion was, of course, he may plead, the true one, and it was enforced with the full sanction of Rome; but this does not make its enforcement any the less persecuting, or more compatible with that liberty of conscience of which we are assured that Ultramontanism is the sole adequate guardian. Now Dr. Manning may be taken to represent fairly enough the spirit of the existing Roman Curia and of the hierarchy under its control; and when he gravely puts forward the *Unam Sanctam* and the Vatican decrees as simply "declaratory acts," defining the normal relations of the Church with the civil powers of the world, our surprise at the hardly less extravagant counter-claim of civil supremacy put forth by the Prussian Government is sensibly diminished, though what we cease to wonder at we do not therefore approve.

THE MODERN CHESTERFIELD.

A SERIES of articles which has been appearing in one of the monthly magazines, under the title of "The Chesterfield Letters of 1873, by Lord G— H—," has attracted a degree of attention which is certainly not due to its literary merits. Cynical letters from a father to a son, or from an uncle to a nephew, in imitation or in caricature of those which Lord Chesterfield addressed to the slovenly booby in whom he vainly hoped to prolong his social triumphs, have long formed a hackneyed subject for cheap satire. The latest attempt to extract humour from this exhausted topic appears to be chiefly remarkable for coarseness of language and ideas, and for the impudent repetition of stale jokes and second-hand indecencies. We cannot pretend to have read more than a few pages of it, but the rest seems to be in the same strain. In the part we happened to fall upon, an uncle is endeavouring to persuade his nephew against a love-match, and here are some samples, taken at random, of the delicate wit and sparkling epigram of the modern Chesterfield. The writer points out "the vulgarity of all this business of falling in love with a view to matrimony," and "the small probability of your spouse retaining your affection and continuing to you hers for many months after you are made one." "Pretty you say she is; but 'all women are alike in the dark,' and after the first fortnight you will be as much accustomed to her as you are to the old cane-bottomed chair." "Women," we are told, "are charming creatures no doubt, but no woman is nice enough to be a wife; whatever her charms, she would madden you as the Greeks thought a sweet perfume would madden a cat." "No charm on your part will make you an exceptionally favoured husband; remember that Pasiphaë, the consort of a prince, was enamoured of a bull, Titania of Bottom, &c.;" and it is therefore madness "to join company with one who will become in a few months your mortal enemy, for the felicity of being able to 'jaw, and brawl, and maunder' at one another during the term of your existence." And so on. We are not concerned to become the apologist of Lord Chesterfield's morality; but at least he wrote like a wit and a gentleman. The dismal rubbish which we have just quoted will show the general quality of the Modern Letters. The writer was perhaps aware that trash of this kind would fail to secure readers, and he therefore hit upon the expedient of seasoning his dreary prose with a dash of real or apparent personalities. Various

characters are introduced under names or in connexion with circumstances which have led to the supposition that they are not fictitious, but are intended to be identified with real persons. It is easy to imagine the amount of annoyance, and even pain, which may be caused in this way. It gets whispered about that this character is meant for such a person, and that character for such another; and a malicious, or perhaps only an idle, ingenuity is exercised in endeavouring to attach names to the different portraits. For this the writer may plead that he is not responsible; but he cannot escape responsibility if he has mentioned matters which naturally suggest a personal identification.

This point has just been put to the test in the case of "The Chesterfield Letters of 1873." One of the characters sketched in these letters is "Harry Browne, the Honourable Harry Browne, a lieutenant-colonel in Her Majesty's Fourth, or Chanticleer, Regiment of Guards, and member of Parliament for Ballykilljohnstown-Kennedy-borough." "Can you," it is asked, "resist his deep musical voice, his slow impressive manner of stating the most evident truism, his beautiful belief in himself, his splendid contempt for all others, his graceful attitudes, and his riches? What does it matter if his father did make his title and earn his pension by"—and then follow some atrocious imputations which we prefer not to reproduce. This description was suspected to be levelled at Colonel Charles White, who is the son of a peer, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Fusilier Guards, and a member for an Irish constituency, and whose efforts at Parliamentary oratory are perhaps chiefly characterized by artistic vocalization. Colonel White accordingly determined to investigate the authorship of the letter; and on Saturday last the following remarkable letter appeared in the *Times* :—

SIR,—We have to request that you will insert the following declaration, which was signed in our presence at Desart House, Kilkenny, on the 18th of December, 1873.

Sir, yours most obediently,
CHARLES CRAWFORD FRASER, Colonel.
FRANCIS BARING, Lieutenant-Colonel.

London, Dec. 19.

"I, William, Earl of Desart, acknowledge that I am responsible for the 'Chesterfield Letters—1873,' which have been published in the magazine known as *London Society*.

"I deny emphatically, upon my solemn oath, that the article about 'Harry Browne' in any way, however vaguely, referred to Colonel Charles White individually, or to any member of his family.

"I deny that he, or they, were in any way in the mind of the writer at the time, or in mine when I corrected the proofs. Had it been so, I freely admit that that article would have been defamatory, unwarranted, unwarrantable, blackguard, infamous, and utterly unworthy of a gentleman's pen.

"I hope that Colonel White will give the utmost publicity to this statement.

"DESART."

It will be observed that this is not exactly the style of Chesterfield; and perhaps still less is it the sort of letter which, if written by another, and presented with an imperative demand for signature, would, under any circumstances, have been signed by Chesterfield. Lord Chesterfield was a cynic and a loose man of the world, but he was not deficient in those other qualities by which men of the world usually feel bound to atone for their failings.

The history of this letter appears to be as follows. It was discovered that the Earl of Desart had some connexion with the recent Chesterfield Letters; and Colonel White, Colonel Crauford Fraser, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baring went to Desart House, Kilkenny, to inquire into the matter. On the 19th December, Colonel Fraser waited upon Lord Desart, while Colonel White and Lieutenant-Colonel Baring remained outside. As it happened, it was found to be unnecessary for Lieutenant-Colonel Baring to do more than witness Lord Desart's signature to the declaration which he was requested to sign, or for Colonel White to appear at all. From a subsequent letter by Colonel Fraser it appears that the Declaration which was published under Lord Desart's name, and in which Lord Desart was made to say that he desired Colonel White to give the utmost publicity to it, was drawn up by Colonel White, who instructed Colonel Fraser not to allow Lord Desart to alter it in any material respect; and that Lord Desart had this Declaration before him for an hour, and finally consented to sign it. In the interval, however, Lord Desart produced a private letter addressed to Colonel White, and purporting to be "dated the day before our arrival, but"—for some reason—"not posted," and this letter, oddly enough, was to the same effect as the Declaration. This, however, was not accepted as a substitute for the Declaration. Lord Desart demurred to the sentence beginning "Had it been so, I freely admit that that article would have been defamatory, unwarranted, unwarrantable, blackguard, infamous, and utterly unworthy of a gentleman's pen"—a good strong sentence, not exactly Chesterfieldian, but with merits of its own, and highly appropriate to the circumstances of the case; but Colonel Fraser said that it could not be omitted "because Colonel White will not allow it." He also said "most impressively," "I tell you, Lord Desart, upon my honour, that, if you do not sign this Declaration, I consider that you will cause much unhappiness to your friends." Upon which Lord Desart "consented"—to use his own words—"to submit to what certainly may have seemed to be dictation." It does not appear that Lord Desart expressed any desire for a personal interview with Colonel White. Perhaps the Declaration would have been still more impressive if Lord Desart had only thought of adding the motto of his coat-of-arms—"Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ."

Lord Desart acknowledges that he is "responsible" for the "Chesterfield Letters of 1873"; but in a second letter to "Dear White," written after the interview with Colonel Fraser, he says he did not actually write the offensive article, although he "is, and must be, unfortunately, responsible for it." Whether Lord Desart wrote it or inspired it, or simply ordered it from some person whose trade it is to write such things, does not of course in the least affect Lord Desart's responsibility for the publication of the article. He admits that he saw the proofs, and the question remains whether the article can be considered a culpable one. On this point we may quote Lord Desart's own words to Colonel White:—"That it was possible for people to point to some degree of caricature likeness to you in the first part of the offending paragraph I admit, but how the latter part can be in the remotest degree connected with you or your family I never did, and I do not now, understand." A little reflection would perhaps enable Lord Desart to understand that, if Colonel White was thus labelled in the first part of the paragraph, readers would be led to suppose that the rest of it also applied to him or his family. A writer of sketches of this kind is not justified in drawing a picture in which "it is possible for people to point to some degree of caricature likeness" to a well-known person, and then coupling it with infamous charges which must appear to be directed against the family of the person thus caricatured. Lord Desart's confession that Colonel White might be identified in the first part of the paragraph appears to supply a conclusive condemnation of the article. Truth and fiction cannot be fairly mingled in this way. On the whole, although the original Chesterfield no doubt wrote from a low moral point of view, the modern Chesterfield who is "responsible" for the letters in *London Society* would seem to have something to learn from him. Perhaps, on the other hand, Colonel White and his friends would have acted more wisely if, while compelling Lord Desart to sign the Declaration, they had refrained from calling public attention to the matter. They have invested with a factitious interest a paltry and stupid article which otherwise very few people would probably have taken the trouble to read, and which none would have remembered. It is to be hoped that Lord Desart will be careful not to become "responsible" for any more productions of a similar nature.

KNIGHTHOOD FOR FIVE GUINEAS.

HUMAN nature testifies against that social equality which philosophers admire :—

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place;

and in obedience to a universal law artisans dub themselves "R.W.P.G.M."; while gentlemen attempt to revive the Orders of the Temple and St. John. The Queen is still the "fountain of honour" for her subjects, but some of them appear to think that a further supply of crosses and stars ought to be turned on. The members of a convivial or social club are at liberty to adopt among themselves any titles they may choose; and we can only hope that the Grand Master and Arch-Chancellor of the United Orders are pleased with the lofty names and pretty badges which they have assumed. The artists whom they have employed were at liberty to indulge fancy to the utmost, but we do not understand by what authority the royal arms of England have been placed upon the shields of the officers of the United Orders. We have all heard of the rich American who had a particular coat-of-arms painted on his coach-panel because he liked the pattern. In England, however, we have still a Herald's College, and we ought to show ourselves thankful for so great a mercy. We read in an old book of heraldry that, in order that fame might not lose itself in an unbounded notion, it was thought fit to reduce honour into form and order, and thus knighthood originated. According to the same authority, the Order of the Garter excels all other institutions of honour in the whole world, and the ensign of that Order was to put in mind the Companions that, as by their Order they were joined in a firm league of amity and concord, so by their Garter, as by a fast tie of affection, they were obliged to love one another. And lest this strict combination might seem to have any other aim or end than what was honourable and just, the King caused to be enamelled on the Garter a motto which might retort shame on him that should dare to think amiss of so just an enterprise as the invasion of France. A newly-elected Knight is exhorted to tie about his leg for his renown "this noble Garter," that thereby he may be admonished to be courageous, and having undertaken a just war, to stand firm, valiantly fight, and successfully conquer. The ribbon is to be worn about his neck adorned with the image of the blessed martyr St. George, by whose imitation provoked he may so overpass both prosperous and adverse adventures, that having stoutly vanquished his enemies both of body and soul, he may not only receive the praise of transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory. The surcoat of crimson is to be worn to the increase of honour "wherewith you being defended may be bold, not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the Church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppressed and needy." The mantle of "heavenly colour" is to be received "in augmentation of thy honour, ennobled with the shield and red cross of our Lord, by whose power thou may'st safely pierce troops of thy enemies, and be over them ever victorious, and being in this

temporal warfare glorious, in egregious and heroic actions, thou may'st attain eternal and triumphant joy." The next thing is the cap and feather, which being put upon the head of the elect Knight, the investiture is completed, "and so after several religious ceremonies and offerings at the high altar, they with trumpets sounding march to dinner."

The statutes, which are before us, of the "Convent-General of the United Orders," show that the members of this new chivalry imitate carefully the ceremonies of the ancient Orders, and we believe that the concluding banquet is not forgotten. A candidate for the Order must be a master mason of two years' standing, must be twenty-one years of age, and must profess the doctrine of the Trinity. He must promise fealty to the Grand Master, and observance of the rules of the Order. The insignia of the Order are a black silk riband and a seven-pointed silver star, with a passion-cross in a circle in the centre, and the motto "In hoc signo vinces" round the circle. The habit shall be a white stuff or woollen mantle with an equal-limbed cross patent gules on the left shoulder. In a priory of the Order of St. John the Knights shall use a black mantle with a white eight-pointed cross. Each Knight shall wear a straight cross-hilted sword. The banners of the Order are the Beauceant and the Vexillum Belli. The former is a parallelogrammic banner, parted per fess, sable and argent. The latter is argent a cross patent, gules, charged with an eight-pointed cross argent. We suppose that this Vexillum Belli has been invented to signify the modern alliance between two Orders which anciently were more hostile to one another than to Sin or Saracen; and we are happy to think that the only war likely to be waged under this new banner will be against beef and pudding. Perhaps we might best describe this institution as a superfine sort of Freemasonry adapted for aristocratic and Royal use. It is proper that Masons should build the Temple in which its sworn defenders, fearing no hostile assault, may comfortably carouse.

By the payment of five guineas, the signing of a declaration, and the exercise of a good deal of imagination, any gentleman may persuade himself that he is a Knight of the ancient and illustrious Orders of the Temple and of the Hospital of St. John. He cannot wear both the red and the white cross at the same time, but he pays his money, and he takes his choice. We believe that the Prince of Wales is Grand Master of the United Orders in the three kingdoms, and the Duke of Leinster is Grand Prior in Ireland. The statutes appear to have been framed for the Order of the Temple, but it is provided at the end that they shall apply also to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta. While you are about it, you may as well accumulate upon yourself as many sounding titles as possible, and it is almost a pity that you cannot wear the robes and badges of two different Orders of Knighthood at the same time. It is remarkable that the ladies have not, so far as we are aware, entered upon this new road to distinction which gentlemen have invented. No lady is likely to become a nun for what may be called artistic reasons, but it deserves consideration that there were formerly Sisters of the Order of St. John, and we see not why the Temple as well as the Hospital might not be made accessible to ladies. The "schedule of designs" appended to the statutes of the United Orders may be regarded as a collection of notions for feminine adornment. We think that the Seneschal by wearing the appointed badge of the office would take an unwarrantable liberty with the royal arms. But the star of a Knight Grand Cross or a Knight Commander would be a pretty and perfectly lawful ornament for a lady's neck. The white and red crosses of the two Orders are combined and placed upon a silver star, of which the lamb bearing the banner Beauceant, and the motto "Non nobis Domine" form the centre. It is a pity that this book could not have been brought out as a Christmas number of the *Young Englishwoman*, or some other of those publications which supply patterns for work in coloured silk or thread. There is a dash of religious sentiment in the designs which properly accompanies all efforts of Christian art. Among the officers of the Order is an organist, whose badge is not an organ, but a harp. The statutory riband is black, with or without gold fringe, but the schedule shows that red and white ribands may also be worn. We presume that the black riband is for the Hospital, and the red and white riband for the Temple. There are keys for the Chamberlain and Treasurer, and two pens crossed for the Secretary; and we need not remind ladies that such badges in silver or other bright material might be made to look pretty. We do not find in the statutes of the Order any recognition of those duties towards the ladies which were an essential part of ancient chivalry, and we think that the time has therefore come for the ladies to take care of themselves.

Who fights for those eyes and that sacred cross
Can neither meet sad accident nor loss—

this was the religion of youthful aspirants to the Order of St. John when that Order was a reality. The modern Knights of that Order believe, at least for ornamental purposes, in the cross, but they make no profession of faith in the power of ladies' eyes. Indeed they partake of the suspicion which attaches to all Masonic and similar institutions, that they are mere contrivances for social intercourse of the male sex. A Chapter of the Garter moves with sounding trumpets towards a banquet, and a Masonic Lodge offers facilities for consuming—of course after all business has been transacted—bread and cheese and beer, followed by spirits and tobacco. We think that the establishment of the

United Orders of the Temple and St. John ought to be completed by the appointment of an Arch-Cellarer and a Grand Teapot, and we are prepared to suggest designs for the badges of these and other necessary officers. The ancient device of the Templars appears to require modification, for if two persons ride upon one horse, one of them ought, as we submit, to be a lady.

The ceremonies of investiture of the Garter are probably the same now as are described in the old book from which we have quoted. There is an obvious incongruity with modern ideas in the exhortations which accompany the putting on of the collar, the surcoat, and the mantle. But such ceremonies are rare, and the tradition of ages preserves them from ridicule. When, however, an attempt is made to revive the Orders of the Temple and the Hospital, and to admit members at five guineas a head, we cannot but remember that there was a time when it could be truly said:—

Who takes upon him such a charge as this,
Must come with pure thoughts, and a gather'd mind,
That time nor all occasions ever may
After disperse or stain.

But the modern Knighthood of St. John asks no other ornament than

A jingling spur, a feather, a white hand.

It seems a pity that some enterprising manager of a theatre could not engage the Arch-Chancellor and the Arch-Treasurer to appear in full robes and insignia of office in a pantomime. These Orders were a great and probably useful power in their day, but that day is long since past. Mr. Cook personally conducts tourists to Jerusalem, and the English subaltern smokes his short pipe and votes duty a bore in Malta. The Knights are dust, their swords are rust, and their modern imitators are merely performing a tedious burlesque.

REVIEWS.

THE PARISIANS.*

WE have before us the last product of Lord Lytton's untiring industry in this novel, which appeared in *Blackwood* and was cut short by the author's death. It was, indeed, so far completed that little cause is left for regret at a few gaps in the last pages. The work itself belongs to a peculiar class of his writings, and though it would be superfluous to describe once more the qualities by which Lord Lytton obtained a high place in our literature, we may briefly point out which of them are most conspicuous in the *Parisians*, and may endeavour to estimate, if not its absolute value, at least its place relatively to his other works. The *Parisians*, we may remark in the first place, resembles *Middlemarch* in certain respects. It appears in four volumes in paper covers; a form which, if we may express our personal prejudices, is rather less appetizing than the familiar old three volumes in cloth. That, however, is a matter on which we do not wish to dogmatize. The resemblance to *Middlemarch* does not entirely cease at this point. It is the work of a celebrated author, and of one who never scamped his work. Moreover, it is an attempt to represent a special form of society, though the inhabitants of Paris occupy a considerably larger space in the eye of the world at large than the inhabitants of an English country town. And, finally, the didactic element which showed itself in *Middlemarch* is prominent—indeed it is a good deal more prominent—in the *Parisians*. Lord Lytton's last three novels, as his son points out in a preface to the last volume of the present work, form a group by themselves. They are all intended to signalize the danger of certain political and social theories. *The Coming Race* did this by means of purely fanciful symbols; *Kenelm Chillingly* was a psychological romance; and the *Parisians* is a didactic novel. Against such novels there is a natural, and we hold a generally well-grounded, prejudice. The objection indeed may be removed where the didactic purpose is thoroughly fused with the artistic, and the symbols in which the principles are embodied are by themselves interesting and impressive. It is only where the imagination has not operated with sufficient intensity, and where consequently raw masses of sermon are interspersed in the middle of story-telling, that we have a fair right to object to the result. How far we hold this to be the case in the *Parisians* may appear from our subsequent remarks.

We will, however, begin by remarking that Lord Lytton's general design was objectionable, if objectionable at all, only on the ground of too great daring. It was plainly a legitimate scheme for a thoughtful observer to set before us a picture of the social life of Paris during the German war and in the months immediately preceding. To show us the millionaires who had made fortunes by speculation in the luxurious times of the Empire; the epicurean critics and the immoral poets who had flattered the tastes of a dissolute society; the politicians who tried to fish in those troubled waters; the workmen excited and unsettled by the revolutionary ideas which have so long been fermenting amongst them; the old nobility, retaining a high sense of honour and religion, and yet incapacitated by their antiquated opinions from exercising much influence upon the discordant elements around them; the middle classes, loving repose and money above all things, but still endowed with many sterling virtues; and to show how the predominant character of the versatile, brilliant, logical, and excitable nation

*The *Parisians*. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Edinburgh & London: Blackwoods. 1873.

is manifested in all these various combinations—this is a task which might be too much for the powers of a French Shakespeare. If Balzac were still living, and if Balzac had been a man of less morbid mind, he might have done it successfully in a series of stories like that which composes the *Comédie humaine*, and which has so forcibly represented the society of the previous generation. Victor Hugo, again, has given us one side of the picture in the *Misérables*; and whatever objections may be made to the art or the morality of that great work, nobody can deny that it is a work of true genius. But for an Englishman, however able and well informed, to carry out such a design successfully in a single novel blending all those composite elements, was to give an unmistakable proof of considerable courage. Indeed we may as well say at once that the task really exceeded the powers of any man; and, on the moderate assumption that Lord Lytton was not equal to Shakespeare, we may add that partial failure was inevitable. The canvas was too vast, the number of figures too great, the point of view too near, and the time too close, to admit of a large measure of success. It was almost inevitable that much of what he desired to say should refuse to crystallize into artistic form, and that unmanageable fragments of dissertation should intrude themselves into the midst of the narrative.

The method in which Lord Lytton undertook his self-imposed duty may be easily understood. He wished to introduce to us a number of characteristic types, and it was difficult to include them all in the working of an intelligible plot. However, as a novel must have a story of some kind, he devised one of his usual intricate construction, which we cannot consider as very interesting in itself, and which has constantly to be interrupted for the sake of social and political reflections. We shall not attempt to describe the story; and, in fact, we are not certain that we understand it very clearly. It involves, however, the presence in Paris of a young English politician with a large fortune, who is exceedingly anxious to hand over by far the greater part of it to an undiscoverable young lady, supposed to be the daughter of the original proprietor of the fortune, now deceased. How she came to disappear, how he endeavours to trace her, and how the clues are always breaking, and then always being picked up again, are matters on which we must confess ourselves to be profoundly indifferent. The whole affair is one of those conventional entanglements which properly belong to an earlier stage of novel-writing; and though in the hands of a skilful inventor of plots, such as Mr. Wilkie Collins, they may give amusement to a certain class of readers, we feel that the story, whenever it turns up, is rather a nuisance than a source of interest. The young English politician who does detective business is a terrible prig, who writes letters about the object of his affections much as he would write a diplomatic despatch. "No one," he says, "can feel more sensible than I of the charm of so exquisite a loveliness; no one can more sincerely join in the belief that the praise which greets the commencement of her career is but the whisper of the praise that will show its progress with loud and louder plaudits." This epistolary style is worthy of a Complete Letter-writer, as his conversation seems to have been framed on a careful study of *Hansard*, with an occasional touch about the True and the Beautiful. The lady of his love belongs to a family with whom Lord Lytton had previously made us familiar. We met her, for example, as Violante in *My Novel*; she is a beautiful Italian, without much education, but with a soul for the Beautiful, and the noblest aspirations after the Ideal. She has learnt from a feminine novelist, who has the purest style in the French language, but who has objectionable theories about marriage, yet who is not George Sand, that "art and hope were twin-born, and they die together." She is fond of this and similar aphorisms; and generally a very noble creature. Many people admire the type, and we will admit that we think her too good for the English prig whom she ultimately marries. Her great office, however, is to point a contrast between the purity of a virgin soul and the demoralization of Parisian cynics and sentimentalists. It is, however, in the direct description of these latter persons that Lord Lytton appears to us to be most successful. The youthful poet, Gustave Rameau, falling into premature decay from absinthe and general debauchery, aiming at success by blasphemy and obscenity, and yet with some genuine touch of genius running through his flimsy work, is a portrait to which various originals may have contributed, and which is really drawn with much force. Considerable praise may also be bestowed upon the refined critic, M. Savarin, who from a single sentence written by the Italian beauty immediately divines her possession of literary genius even more remarkable than her power as a singer, but whose fine taste is marred by his want of high moral purpose. Portraits not showing so much delicacy, but still excellent in their way, are the speculators who fight out their battles with financial weapons, and who are not devoid of real insight or even of real generosity, though unfortunately their intellects and their emotions are narrowed and debased by their absorption in the struggles of the Bourse. In such portraits Lord Lytton shows his powers at their best. He can satirize without caricaturing; he can draw men of the world who are not, like Balzac's, mere monsters of selfishness and cunning, and who, though their portraits do not show the same intensity as that of the great French novelist, are living and moving human beings.

We feel more doubt as to M. Victor de Mauléon, who appears to have been Lord Lytton's favourite, and who is in some respects his mouthpiece. M. de Mauléon is another variation upon the same theme; he is a noble by birth, who has been ruined and subjected to

a false imputation by a singular combination of circumstances, and, when thrown early upon his own resources, has learnt to know the world and to look beneath the surface of politics. He acts the character well, and we are willing to believe in his audacity and intellectual vigour. Unluckily he too suffers from the exigencies of the plan. He appears first as head of a secret society, which is apparently destined to exercise a great influence upon the development of the story. The society, however, not very vigorously described, soon drops out of notice, though we are given to understand that it had a good deal to do with the events of the 4th of September, and its chief use seems to be to introduce us to an excellent artisan ruined by the poison of Socialism. The artisan strikes us too much like the hero of a tract; he points a moral too obtrusively, and is but a conventional portrait of a member of the International. M. de Mauléon, however, appears more conspicuously on the stage of open politics than as a secret conspirator. We believe in him as long as he does not preach too much. He shows, of course, remarkable insight in foretelling the result of the German war; but, not content with this safe performance, he takes great trouble to explain to us his own political panacea. So much emphasis is laid upon this "legacy to his countrymen," as he calls it, that we are safe in assuming that Lord Lytton is here speaking for himself. The way to the salvation of France, it appears, is to recognize three principles. The French are to borrow from America two safeguards against democracy; first, no article of the Constitution is to be changed without the consent of two-thirds of the legislative body; and secondly, a Senate is to be formed which will secure universal respect, though the method of doing this will "need the most deliberate care of the ablest minds." Thirdly, France is to adopt from England the principle that the head of the State can do no wrong. A Ministry is to be changed instead of a dynasty. With curious inconsistency, this last doctrine, which makes a Ministry responsible to the Legislature, is afterwards represented as identical with the American system in which the Ministry is independent of the Legislature. Not, however, to insist upon such matters, we must confess that M. de Mauléon disappoints us. That a man who has really seen the world and knows by what motives men are really moved should fancy that a country is to be saved by a bit of constitution-mongering may be not surprising when he is a countryman of Siéyes; but it certainly gives a most unworthy conclusion to the novel. Lord Lytton's opinion—we need not ask how far it is accurate—seems to be that the French nation has been seriously demoralized because a large part of it has lost faith in God, in another life, and in the most sacred institutions of social life. To infer that the Constitution should not be altered without a majority of two-thirds of a Senate is surely a most lame and impotent conclusion. How is this universally respected Senate to be provided? By some new manipulation of ballot-boxes, or by infusing a new spirit of loyalty and self-respect into the nation? Lord Lytton's answer here would appear to be in favour of the ballot-box; and though he elsewhere speaks more worthily the sentiment is only too characteristic. In short, the moralizing, though it affects to be that of a poet and philosopher, often sinks to be that of a mere man of the world nourished in lobbies and ante-rooms, and palls upon us by the want of genuine force. The talk about religion savours of a rather faded sentimentalism, and we could wish that the confutation of Socialism and other objectionable tendencies showed a deeper appreciation of the real difficulties of the great social problems of which Socialism would supply a very summary and totally inadequate solution. Difficult as it always is to embody religious and philosophical views in the form of fiction, it is certainly desirable that they should be at least imaginatively impressive. The didactic part of the book, in short, is not only in excess, but is of no great substance. And thus the *Parisians* appears to us to be the inevitable failure of a very able man in attempting a book which would be probably beyond the powers of the ablest. With much good portraiture and some clever writing upon political and social topics, it does not produce a satisfactory impression as a whole.

LYELL'S ANTIQUITY OF MAN.*

IN the fourth edition of his *Antiquity of Man* the Nestor of geology and palæontology has embodied such gains to those departments of science and the allied provinces of knowledge as have accrued during the ten years which have elapsed since the preceding issue of his work. It is gratifying to see one so long looked up to as the head of this particular realm of study preside with unabated powers over the ever-growing domain of discovery, and bring the light of the same serene judgment to bear upon controversies which have divided the ranks, and at times heated the passions, of a younger class of explorers. Sir Charles Lyell may well feel pride and satisfaction, even beyond the public recognition of his labours, in the extent to which the whole course of physical exploration and discovery has tended to confirm and verify the principles which he has given a long life's labour to uphold and demonstrate. The unity of nature everywhere and at all times has been throughout so leading a maxim of his philosophy as to leave us only in doubt whether to speak of it as the conclusion

* *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man; with an Outline of Glacial and Post-Tertiary Geology, and Remarks on the Origin of Species, with special reference to Man's First Appearance on the Earth.* By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., &c. Fourth Edition, revised. London: Murray. 1873.

to a life-long process of proof, or as the postulate which his mind carried with it to the very threshold of inquiry. It is to be regarded in logical truth as not more the result of every sound series of induction from phenomena than the assumption which must underlie and vivify every generalization of physical facts. As the one all-pervading law, it is the groundwork upon which all less general or subsidiary laws depend for their sanction and their harmony. It is in no slight degree owing to Sir Charles Lyell's powerful and steady leadership of geological opinion in this controversy that the convulsionist forces may be said at the present moment to be routed along the whole line. Scarcely of less value have been his balanced judgment and keen appreciation of facts in steadying the mind of the educated public, and dispelling a cloud of unreasoning prejudice in regard to the lately multiplied evidences of the antiquity of the human race. The results of scientific discovery and research in this department of knowledge have had upon a number of minds well disposed towards the truth, but shrinking from aught that might clash with received ideas of history or theology, much the same effect as that of the Copernican system or the theory of gravitation some generations ago. Nothing can be better calculated to still the disquietude of such good people and prepare the way for a general absorption of these new truths among the mass of traditional opinion than a summary of the evidences on their behalf, calm, clear, and full, like that before us. The most timid or prejudiced readers may rise from its perusal satisfied that the religion and morals of mankind are no less safe under a scheme of history which carries back man's presence upon the globe to possible millions of years than when the span was limited by Archbishop Ussher's figures, foisted (by whose authority nobody can find out) into the margin of our Bibles. The public demand which has absorbed so many copies of the *Antiquity of Man* must have had the effect of sowing broadly the seeds of sober and sensible teaching upon a subject so essential to all sound education.

Besides the new facts which will help towards this result, the arrangement which Sir Charles Lyell has adopted for his latest edition will do much to make clear the natural connexion between the separate portions of the inquiry. The three sections, although placed under distinct titles, will be seen to form one organic whole. The first, giving the direct evidences of the Antiquity of Man, comprising what might with greater strictness of expression be called the Geological Memorials of Man, naturally introduces the subject of the Glacial period, which forms the second part. The age of man, conclusively as it has been thus far traced through the Post-Tertiary period, acquires a range of indefinitely greater extent if it can be proved to have preceded the Glacial epoch. The third part, treating of the origin of species with reference to man's place in nature, is no less vitally connected with the previous branches of the argument. It is in this section of his work that Sir Charles Lyell has to speak of the most important additions which recent research has brought to his array of facts. At the date of the last preceding issue of his work, the absence of admitted links intermediate between so-called species was a difficulty continually urged against the advocates of transmutation. Since then three or more intermediate fossil forms have been discovered, linking together the classes of birds and reptiles. The first of these consisted of fragments of a swimming bird, considered to be a gull, from the upper greensand of the Cretaceous series near Cambridge. The second was the famous bird from Solenhofen, now in the British Museum, named by Owen *Archæopteryx macrura*, showing distinct reptilian affinities. Still more decided is the case of the reptile from the Stonesfield slate, called *Compsognathus longipes*, described by Professor Huxley as in some respects more ornithic than even the ordinary Dinosauria, having a slight bird-like head provided with numerous teeth, the hind limbs large and disposed as in birds, the femur shorter than the tibia. Still another link has been found as late as last year in the Upper Cretaceous shale of Kansas, described by Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, as *Ichthyornis dispar*, about the size of a pigeon, having teeth well displayed in both jaws. Till the whole remains were brought together, the Professor had classed them as reptilian. To these links may now be added the discovery, announced within the last few weeks by Professor Owen, of a bird in the London clay of Sheppey having teeth like those of the hooded-lizard of Australia. These forms present us not merely with transitions between species, or genera, or even orders; but even between what are set down as distinct classes of the animal kingdom—an important accession to Mr. Darwin's view of species as simply indicative of gaps in our knowledge of the continuity of nature. Among mammalia, the discovery of two extremely ancient and less specialized forms of the horse in the Upper and Lower Miocene formations of Nebraska supplies the proof of a gradual modification of the genus *equus* from a very different ancestral type.

The analogy of language is brought in with great force by our author to illustrate the origin and development of species. We have here an easy and natural transition to the subject of the antiquity of man, to which this portion of the argument would otherwise seem to have but a remote application. Albeit there is no question as to the existence of divers species in man, there are sufficiently wide and numerous diversities of type to introduce difficulties of the severest kind into the problem of his origin and antiquity. As well ask the philologist, reasons Sir Charles, whether in the beginning of things there was one, or five, or a greater number of languages, as whether there was a single race or many races of primordial man. It is more to the point to ask, on the supposition of the human race having been raised by gradual transmutation or evolution out of some lower form of animal, where are the links which

should bear witness to the intermediate stages of this progress? How is it that we have no remains of fossil species to show midway between man and the lower primates? Till lately, indeed, no answer at all satisfactory had been given to this question. Few or no remains of fossil quadrumania were ever known. Of late years many links of this kind have rewarded the researches of science; whilst the argument drawn from the corresponding absence of gradational forms between the recent and the Pleistocene mammals goes far to destroy the force of this negative evidence. Nor, in fact, have those pages of the recent book of nature been at all adequately searched in which we should especially look for these missing links. The countries of the anthropomorphous apes, Sir Charles Lyell urges, are the tropical regions of Africa, and the islands of Borneo and Sumatra, lands which have been scarcely at all opened to science. Man is an Old World type, and it is not in Brazil, the only equatorial region where ossiferous caverns have yet been explored, that the discovery in a fossil state of extinct fossilised to the human could be looked for. Land, a Danish naturalist, did indeed find in Brazil not only extinct sloths and armadillos, but extinct genera of fossil monkeys, all however of the American type, differing in their dentition and other characteristics from the primates of the Old World. Recent exploration among the Miocene strata of Europe, which would appear to have enjoyed a much warmer climate than the present, has brought to light not a few remains of the anthropomorphous class. Of these the *Dryopithecus* of Lartet, obtained in 1856 from the Upper Miocene of Sansan, near the Pyrenees, a gibbon or long-armed ape, about equal to man in stature, has been described by Professor Owen, and a single bone of the same ape has been since procured from a deposit of the corresponding age at Eppelsheim, near Darmstadt. The jawbone of a monkey (*Cænopithecus lemuroides*), allied in some points to the Mycetes, or howling monkey of America, and in others to the Lemurs, has been discovered in Eocene strata in the Swiss Jura by M. Rüttimeyer. But it is not so much in these Miocene or Eocene strata as in the Pliocene and Pleistocene and nearer the tropics, that the doctrine of progression would bid us look for the discovery of some species more highly organized than the gorilla or the chimpanzee, which may serve to span the chasm which separates man from the highest of lower animal forms.

The possible causes to which this chasm may be due are briefly discussed by our author towards the close of his work, the researches of Darwin, Wallace, and other leading naturalists being made the subject of instructive analysis and criticism. The same train of reasoning involves the causes which have kept man from any perceptible change of bodily structure for the vast period during which we have proof of his existence—a period long enough for whole groups of mammals, once his contemporaries, to have died out, whilst others have undergone organic changes of the most extreme kind. Of these causes the chief is doubtless to be sought in the intellect of man, whereby he has been enabled, in the face of changing conditions in nature, to maintain himself in harmony with the world, without him and to make nature subservient to his necessities and his will. To fix anything like a date for the endowment of man with the distinctive privilege of this intellectual superiority is a problem as insuperable as to assign the first stage in the evolution of life itself. But there is at all events nothing in the hypothesis of variation and natural selection that compels us to assume that from the highest intelligence of the inferior animals to the improvable reason of man there was an absolutely insensible passage. The birth of an individual of transcendent genius, together with his influence on his age, comparable to the case of a sport in vegetation, is a phenomenon too well known in history to be lost sight of in calculating the possibility of occasional strides such as to constitute apparent breaks in the otherwise continuous series of psychical changes. By what but a process of partly unconscious selection, asks our author, quoting Mr. Galton, did nature build up within the limit of three or four generations that magnificent breed of human animals, the race of Attica at her prime? Though we consider that in the structure of "Hereditary Genius" the author, as we sought to show at the time, aimed at more than his foundation was at all able to bear, there is much in the origination of new points or qualities in gifted individuals, and their transmission by way of example no less than of blood, to explain the formation of distinct national characters and even races. Through all, as Sir Charles Lyell emphatically urges in closing his work, fortifying himself with the able advocacy of Dr. Asa Gray, it is to be kept in mind that there is nothing in the doctrine of transmutation, any more than in the simple extension of man's antiquity, to weaken the foundations of religion. That all changes, organic or inorganic, in the universe are and have been carried on under the operation of fixed and orderly laws, is a view which, so far from de-throning the Ruler or efficient cause of all things, tends to enhance his wisdom, authority, and glory. If the succession of life is to be explained by transmutation, the perpetual adaptation of the organic world to new conditions leaves the argument in favour of design and therefore of a designer, as valid as ever, if it is not even rendered more cogent and attractive. So far from having a materialistic tendency, the author of the *Antiquity of Man* may well plead that the proofs with which his work abounds of the successive introduction into the earth of life, sensation, instinct, the intelligence of the higher mammalia bordering on reason, and, lastly, the improvable reason of man himself, present us with a picture of the ever-increasing dominion of mind over matter.

In his enumeration of the direct proofs of the antiquity of man newly acquired from exploration of the drift and cave deposits,

Sir Charles Lyell has incorporated the important discoveries of worked flints, made as lately as last year in Kent's Cavern, near Torquay, associated with teeth of *Machairodus latidens* and other extinct animals, as well as similar works of man's art from Brixham, Wokey Hole, near Wells, and other ossiferous caverns. For actual bones of man he has had to look abroad to the memorable yields of Bruniquel, Mentone, Trou du Frontal, and elsewhere on the continent of Europe, as well as to those of the coral reefs of Florida, and the Delta at New Orleans. His discussion of the age of these and similar indices of man's presence at remote times is full and judicious. His work was closed just too soon for the incorporation of the recent remarkable find of a bone in the Victoria Cave, Settle, recognized as indubitably human by Mr. Busk and Professor Flower. His candour is shown in withdrawing the opinion he had formerly adopted on the evidence of Mr. Geikie, that there had been a rise of twenty-five feet since Roman times in the central districts of Scotland. In treating of the question of ice-action during the Glacial period both in Great Britain, the Alps, and elsewhere, he has made valuable use of the observations of MM. Nordenskiöld, Richard Brown, Rink, Heer, and others, upon the phenomena exhibited on a remarkable scale by the Continental ice of Greenland, giving a parallel survey of the glaciation of Scandinavia and the Scottish Highlands, with the chronological relations of the Human and Glacial periods. All these lines of evidence lead up to the problem of paramount interest at the present time. Did man witness the striking changes which marked the breaking up and dissolution of the ice-sheet in Northern Europe? Here, though too cautious to dogmatize while the materials for judgment are so imperfect, our author lets us see that he leans strongly towards an affirmative reply. In no part of his work, however, does he more conspicuously give proof of that philosophical temper and that power of balancing evidence which mark his writings throughout.

LIFE OF BISHOP PATTESON.*

IT was on the 20th of September, 1871, that Bishop Patteson was massacred on the island of Nukapu, and only now is the authentic history of his life presented to us. We regret that this has not been given to the world with more promptitude, not because we think that people have lost the impression which his unselfish life and martyr-like death could not fail to produce, but because we believe that, if more expedition had been used, we should have had the story told us in briefer form and with no abatement of anything that could interest us. As it is, Miss Yonge has given to the world two octavo volumes, containing nearly twelve hundred pages. We can quite believe that it has been to her "an almost solemn work of anxiety, as well as one of love." She has written the life of a kinsman with whom it must have been a privilege to be connected, and the history of a work which, it is well known, she has herself done much to advance; but on no reasonable principle can we think it necessary to have given twelve hundred pages even to the life of such a man as Bishop Patteson. A biography is not a cairn whose builders show their reverence for the dead by the number of stones which they accumulate. Admitting that some notice of the home in which a man's earliest impressions are received forms an essential part of a biography, is there any reason for Miss Yonge making us familiar with the whole country-side; for our having accurate details of "the Coleridge kith and kin"; for our being informed that Lady Patteson's cousin, the Bishop of Barbados, was "the son of Dr. Luke Coleridge, one of the thirteen children of John, the schoolmaster"? In fact, Miss Yonge finds it impossible to begin a biography any more than a work of fiction without a genealogical tree in which the remotest degrees of cousinship have a place. We confess to being more than indifferent to the anecdotes which are generally forthcoming concerning the childhood of those whose after-lives have been conspicuous. Patteson was brought up in a home where the atmosphere was healthily religious, but the self-consciousness for which he afterwards took himself to task, and which was always present to him in the shape of a too introspective habit, increased perhaps by the solitary life which he was obliged to lead until it became a morbid feeling, was undoubtedly developed in his early years in the shape of priggishness. It adds nothing to the interest of his biography, as we think, to learn that at the age of five he read his Bible and exercised his brains as to what became of the fish at the Deluge, and that, when summoned to the nursery, he begged to be allowed "to finish the binding of Satan for a thousand years." There seems to us nothing prophetic of the work to which he gave his life in the fact that, when he heard of the exertions of the Bishop of Barbados already mentioned, during the West Indian hurricane of 1833, the lad of six summers exclaimed, "I'll be a bishop, I'll have a hurricane"; especially as in 1835 he reconciled himself to going to school by the thought—"I must go to school sometime or other, or else I shall never be a judge, as I hope to be." Many very commonplace children have made similar statements concerning their future career, which events have shown to have been rash prophecies; and it is with regret we find that a hundred and fifty pages are given up to Patteson's life as a layman, and not merely to his own doings, but to

the doings of his remote connexions, to a description of the Eton Montem, and other matters which are in no degree essential to the story of his life. The same fault runs throughout the book. Unfortunately it appears that all Patteson's letters have been preserved, from the earliest one, which was written in 1834, when he was sent from home to recover from scarlet-fever, to an unfinished one dated September 19, 1871, and the abundance of material has been too great a temptation to his biographer. Scores of letters are given which only prove the ardent affection which he felt for his relatives and friends, a fact to which every single letter bears sufficient witness. Scores of pages are taken up with descriptions of New Zealand scenery, of the manners and appearance of the natives, which are repeated over and over again; and with such statements as that he had roast mutton for dinner at the College at Auckland. And even hundreds of pages are given to chronicles of the mission work year by year, the number of scholars, their studies, their failings, their marriages, and the like, which have already appeared in the form of annual reports, and which, by their repetition, rather divert our thoughts from the man who directed all this complicated machinery.

Having indulged in these complaints, let us add that even a less skilful biographer than Miss Yonge could hardly have failed, with the materials available, to produce a book of no common interest. For John Coleridge Patteson was, in many respects, a very remarkable man. A popular Eton boy, devoted to his school, and foremost in its sports, he on more than one occasion gave tokens of unusual moral force of character. At Oxford he was not happy; one of his friends writes:—"He was a reluctant and half-interested sojourner, ever looking back to the playing-fields of Eton, or forward to the more congenial sphere of a country parish"; but he took a second class from Balliol, and was elected a Fellow of Merton. Before ordination he spent a long period on the Continent, where he discovered much artistic taste, and ever after he was enthusiastic in regard to sculpture and music; but it was at Dresden that, having acquired German thoroughly, he gave himself up to the study of Hebrew, Sanscrit, Arabic, and Syriac, and began diligently to cultivate that marvellous gift by which he was able in after years to acquire from living lexicons and grammars, in the persons of his Melanesian scholars, a knowledge of the many unwritten languages and dialects of the two hundred islands which formed his diocese. Thus prepared, he offered himself for ordination in 1854, and was placed in charge of a district church near his own home and that of his uncle, Sir J. T. Coleridge. Here he was busy in schemes for the good of his people—allotments, school-farms, spade-husbandry, &c.—and specially he was bent on having "a boy's home, two cottages with plenty of room for the F— family and eight boys, with half an acre of garden, at 11l. 5s. the year." But it was not to last long. Bishop Selwyn, who, before going to New Zealand in 1841, had said to his mother, "Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?" returned to England in 1854, and the subject was renewed. Lady Patteson had died in the meantime; and Sir John Patteson, who had retired from the Bench in consequence of increasing deafness, delighted in the society of his elder son, who was settled so near to him; but when the proposal was made that he should go to the Antipodes, his great grief broke out in the exclamation, "'I can't let him go,' but even as the words were uttered, they were caught back, as it were, with 'God forbid I should stop him.'" How great was the trial thus voluntarily undergone, few can know, for few have experienced such a one. We can picture to ourselves nothing more affecting than the way in which he turned his back on his home and his family for ever:—

He chose to walk to the coach that would take him to join the railway at Cullumpton. The last kisses were exchanged at the door, and the sisters who watched him out of sight then saw that their father was not standing with them. They consulted for a moment, and then one of them silently looked into his sitting-room and saw him with his little Bible, and their hearts were comforted.

Not less affecting is his own letter written from London on the evening of the same day:—

I write one line to-night to tell you that I am, thank God! calm and even cheerful. I stayed a few minutes in the churchyard after I left you, picked a few primrose buds from dear mamma's grave, and then walked on. At intervals I felt a return of strong violent emotion, but I soon became calm. I read most of the way up, and felt surprised that I could master my own feelings so much.

In Melanesia and among his scholars, whom he would never allow to be called savages, he found his vocation; for six years his time was divided between the College near Auckland and the *Southern Cross*, the schooner in which Bishop Selwyn and himself visited the various islands, in many instances the first white men who had landed on them; and where this was not the case, their safety was not increased by the fact that previous visitors, trading for sandalwood, had too often stirred up ill-feeling by their conduct. Here it was that Patteson's Mezzofanti-like powers were so valuable. Landing on any particular island, he would sometimes find two entirely distinct languages spoken; in adjoining islands the structure of the languages would sometimes show a common derivation, but all the words would be different. Writing after two years' experience to Professor Max Müller on this subject, he says:—

There is a vast amount of confusion caused by the repeated migrations, intentional or casual, always taking place in these islands. Canoes are ever drifting about and landing small colonies of people on islands often several hundred miles distant, the trade winds taking them safely along. In this way we find occasionally words introduced to languages quite distinct in their structure and phraseology generally.

* *Life of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop of the Melanesian Islands.* By Charlotte Mary Yonge. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.

How much these migrations must have puzzled a man who wanted to reduce to a scientific system this Babel of tongues is self-evident. Neither were his living dictionaries and grammars always at hand; the children whom he succeeded in borrowing from their parents could not winter in so high a latitude as New Zealand, and thus every autumn involved a voyage of thousands of miles, during which they were returned to their homes, to be picked up again when summer should return. To avoid such interruptions a winter school was tried on one of the Loyalty Islands; but ultimately the head-quarters of the mission were established at Norfolk Island, Mr. Patteson having in 1861 been consecrated bishop.

Of what nature his manifold labours were we must leave the book to tell. In the many languages which he studied, narrowing down the meaning of each word as at first vaguely apprehended, until by a patient process its English equivalent was reached, he found a congenial study; and how remarkable were his gifts may be estimated from the fact that he could speak fluently not fewer than twenty-three of the languages of the Southern Pacific. But, in addition to this intellectual toil, he was translator, printer, schoolmaster, navigator, builder, gardener, farmer, for there were no servants in the establishment. Life was a communal one; and if Melanesians had to become cooks, or gardeners, or farmers, they could only do so by first seeing their teachers cooking or gardening. The discomforts of such a life were many, although Patteson never referred to them except to say that the fastidiousness of his early years had been conquered; and yet almost at the last he "wondered how any one could go to sea for pleasure; he always felt dizzy, headaching, and unable to read with comfort; the food was greasy, and there was a general sense of dirt and discomfort." On shore in New Zealand his accommodation consisted of "three rooms together 17 feet by 7," and these were often occupied by coughing and sneezing Melanesians during the frequent epidemics of influenza, the Bishop giving up to them his bed and his warmest rugs, and nursing them with the tenderest anxiety. Still harder must his life have been when, as the work extended, it became necessary to reside for weeks together on some small island where there was the nucleus of a Christian Church. Thus in 1860 he spent some weeks with only one English companion in a native hut on Mota, the only furniture being four boxes, which were tables, desks, and chairs in turn:—

As to beds, was not the whole floor before us? Now I saw the advantage of having brought planks from New Zealand to make a floor. We all had something level to lie on at night, and, when you are tired enough, a good smooth plank or a box does just as well as a mattress.

And yet, with all these manifold duties imperiously claiming his time, he steadily maintained habits of study, giving an hour from 5 to 6 A.M. daily to Hebrew, reading also with the young Englishmen whom he was training for ordination, and eagerly devouring all the best books which from time to time were published in Europe. It is instructive to read the comments of an able man removed by half a world from the talk of clubs and societies. Thus he writes to one correspondent about Maurice:—

I don't charge him with heresy from his standpoint, but remember that you have not been brought into contact with Quakers, Socinians, &c., and that he may conceive of a way of reconciling metaphysical difficulties which a far inferior but less inquisitive and *vorsehender Geist* pronounces for itself simply contrary to the word of God.

Of Professor Jowett he wrote, soon after the publication of *Essays and Reviews*:—

I hope that men, especially bishops, who don't know and cannot understand Jowett, won't attempt to write against him. A man must know Jowett, be behind the curtains (to) know what he means by the phraseology he uses.

He revered profoundly the author of the *Christian Year*. Bishop Colenso he utterly gave up, and in 1866 he wrote:—

I don't see that men are better men or humbler Christians because they know something of geology beyond what their fathers knew. Here is all the educated world worshipping John Stuart Mill as an idol, and Stanley quoting in his sermon as objectionable a passage of Mill as could well be written.

The secret of Patteson's success—for we presume that no one will say that his labours were unsuccessful—lay more perhaps in the wise and loving way in which he regarded his pupils, than in his intellectual powers. He set forth his own idea of a missionary in a letter to a friend in England whom he asked to select for him a suitable recruit:—

A man who takes the sentimental view of coral islands and cocoa-nuts of course is worse than useless; a man possessed with the idea that he is making a sacrifice will never do; and a man who thinks any kind of work "beneath a gentleman" will be simply in the way.

On another occasion he wrote:—

Half-educated men will not do for this work; it is not at all probable that such men would really understand the natives, love them, and live with them; but they would be great dons, keeping the natives at a distance, assuming that they could have little in common, &c. . . . I must not run the risk of the mission being swamped by well-intentioned but untaught men. We must have gentlemen of white colour, or else I must rely wholly, as I always meant to do chiefly, on my black gentlemen, and many of them are thorough gentlemen in feeling and conduct, albeit they don't wear shoes.

A man who could write thus would be likely to declare,—

I have quite learned to believe that there are no savages anywhere, at least among black or coloured people. Savages (so-called) are all Fridays, if you know how to treat them.

We have not space to notice at greater length the wisdom with which he set about the task of teaching these heathen peoples, building up even on the foundation of their superstitions, finding in every slight yearning after something better his *point d'appui*. Nor can we do more than record the way in which he shrank from all publicity; writing as he did hopefully yet fearfully to his relations, he always entreated that his letters might not be published.

I can't write brotherly letters if they are to be treated as public property. . . . No one in England can be a judge of the mischief that letters occasion when printed contrary to my wish by friends.

It is, indeed, a question whether a biographer has the right to publish the letters of the dead, even with the consent of executors and representatives. There are several letters which passed between Patteson's father and himself which we cannot think were intended by either of the writers to be seen by a third person. We forbear from quoting them; they present to us a standard of saintliness such as few can hope to attain, and such passages make these volumes more suitable to take their place with St. Thomas à Kempis and the "Confessions of St. Augustine," and to be read as a devotional exercise, than to lie on drawing-room tables or to be among the attractions of a circulating library. It is a privilege to read such letters, but without them we have before us the life story of a man of no ordinary power, calm and clear of head, warm of heart, patient of spirit. As one of his New Zealand friends described him, he was "fearless as a man, tender as a woman, showing both the best sides of human nature." He turned his back on fair prospects, and though there were many reasons for his revisiting England, if but for a brief time, he steadily lived his laborious life for more than sixteen years, until he fell a victim, virtually, to the rapacity and violence of English traders.

Such a life, with its grand lessons of unselfishness, is a blessing and an honour to the age in which it is lived; the biography which we have here reviewed cannot be studied without pleasure and profit, and indeed we should think little of the man who did not rise from the study of it better and wiser. Neither the Church nor the nation which produces such sons need ever despair of its future.

MOUNTAIN, MEADOW, AND MERE.*

WE have little doubt that, as a rule, it is the keenest sportsmen who have the most intense appreciation of the beauties of nature, and to those who love the country and have a sympathy with sport, there is no more agreeable reading than an unpretending book by a sportsman. By "sportsman," we do not mean the millionaire who plays into the hands of stump orators and cockney political economists; who over-preserves until sport changes to slaughter; whose hares swarm in his covert like fleas in an Arab's burnous, and who massacres his hand-fed pheasants as he sits on the cushions of an easy chair. Our idea of a sportsman is the man who either leaves his preserving altogether to nature, or only assists her sufficiently to counteract the encroachments of poachers and pot-hunters. His game may be great or small; he may follow the chase in tropical forests or in the suburbs of a city. He may bag elephants or crocodiles, gudgeon or sparrows; but so long as he follows the chase fairly, he has a fair claim to be recognized as a sportsman. When such men take the pen in hand, it will generally be found that they have some gift of writing. Enthusiasm of any kind is apt to be eloquent, while it is sure to awaken the dormant sense of poetry which has been nursed unconsciously in a course of solitary sport. Sir Cornwall Harris, the "Old Forest Ranger," Gordon Cumming, and a long catalogue of kindred spirits readily occur to us as cases in point. These men would probably never have taken to the pen had they not been impelled to write a record of their sporting adventures. Some of them at least had no special literary gifts. To single out an instance, the pages of Cumming are for the most part monotonous records of butchery, written while arms of precision were as yet comparatively in their infancy, and hunters still had much to learn as to the anatomy of the beasts they bombarded. Yet Cumming's account of his midnight watchings by the solitary fountains in the desert contain enough of nervous poetry to set up a shoal of poetasters of the sickly school, and they might be studied with profit by mannerists of the brush who servilely copy the stock subjects of Academicians. We may refer to this little volume of Mr. Davies as being in its way another illustration of our theory. Its subjects are of course comparatively tame, because he sought his sport in England and Wales. But if the book has none of the dramatic grandeur of the epic, where the hunter's life is staked on the steadiness of his nerves, on the other hand it is pervaded throughout by the graceful melody of a natural idyl, and the details of sport are subordinated to a dominating sense of the beautiful and picturesque. To us the great charm of a book of this kind lies in its reviving so many of the brighter associations of one's early existence.

For an alliterative title, *Mountain, Meadow, and Mere* is very fairly descriptive of the contents of the volume, although it makes no reference to the author's off-days of sea-fishing. Mr. Davies shot and fished for the most part among the Welsh mountains and the Shropshire meres and the streams that meander through the flat meadows of the neighbouring counties. He never shot over properties where a strong staff of keepers was employed, and

* *Mountain, Meadow, and Mere*. By G. Christopher Davies. Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

he seldom fished where the waters were strictly preserved. What he enjoys most in the way of sport is wild shooting, and we thoroughly sympathize in the taste. He likes filling a mixed bag in rough walking through picturesque scenery, or following wild-fowl and water-fowl into their lonely haunts at unseasonable hours. As to the wilder fishing which fills so many of his chapters we are not so sure. Fishing is a sufficiently precarious sport at best, even when you make your casts in the choicest salmon pools, or in the most tempting trout water that ever was watched. It seems to us an excessive strain on the patience to set yourself to circumvent the coarser fish under unfavourable conditions, when they have been made unduly wary by persistent persecution. Yet we envy the temperament that is satisfied with little and enjoys difficulties; that can content itself with pike in the absence of salmon, and can fall back upon bait when the flies fail as a lure; that takes genuine pleasure in pulling up night lines and trimmers, and can enjoy a rough day's sea-fishing by way of *pis-aller*. What gives sport its zest with men like Mr. Davies is their enjoyment of the scenery and surroundings into which their pursuits lead them. And men who love English nature in her milder and quieter forms, and who dislike being jostled by the crowds of tourists who swarm to the fashionable points of attraction, might do much worse than take him for their guide. His volume introduces us to many a district whose charms to most people are altogether unfamiliar. There are the Shropshire meres, for instance, lying in the beautiful country that surrounds the Wrekin. The little town of Ellesmere, the best headquarters for exploring them, is in the immediate neighbourhood of the greatest of them—Ael'smere, the greatest mere—which bears the same name. The depressions in a prettily undulating country have all been filled with water, although from some of them the water has drained away in the course of time. There is much bog and moorland, but the banks of the mere are often richly wooded. Most of them are sequestered from life and cultivation, and as a consequence they are favourite haunts of the shy waterfowl, and are frequently the resort of the rarer birds of passage. The weeds that overgrow their shallow margins in rank luxuriance, the delights of the pike and the bane of the fishermen, are admirable breeding-places. We can conceive few scenes more picturesque in the calm of a summer day than one of those lovely sheets of water, with the flocks of swans floating on the black polished surface, while the divers are plunging in the skirts of the weed and the reeds are "alive with the low songs of the reed wrens." Or, by way of change, we may accompany Mr. Davies into the mountainous country beyond the Welsh border. He takes us up to lonely pools and tarns, doubtless the property of some one and supposed to be strictly preserved, yet lying so far out of the beat of keepers that you may poach them in a tolerable sense of security. We must observe, in justice to Mr. Davies, that all the poaching expeditions he owns to were indiscretions of his youth, and he keeps the secret of the precise locality of these exploits. He first came upon one of them on a boyish bird-nesting expedition. The black water, with its tall rushes and flags, was girdled on three sides by a belt of gloomy fir-trees. A heron who had been fishing there before the arrival of the schoolboys rose in his heavy flight on their approach, and they saw "circling about and breaking the calmness of the water, dozens and dozens of big brown back-fins projecting above the surface." The fins belonged to monster carp, and to boys on the ramble the temptation was irresistible. The inhabitants of the pool were protected by the thickets of rushes, and the fishing was by no means free from danger. The carp must be waded for, and the bottom was bog and was covered with a treacherous floorcloth of matted roots. That, of course, enhanced the charm of the sport to the adventurous young scapegraces, who were light weights into the bargain; although a middle-aged angler might consider the chance of a boggy grave a decided drawback on the day's amusement. By way of pendant to the pool of the carp, we have a picture of another that was stocked with tench. The tench pool was surrounded by a wood of mediæval oaks, broken into glades that were scattered over with silver birches, while under the oak-trees was a perfect shrubbery of rhododendrons, loaded in the season of the tench-fishing with their gorgeous masses of blossom. Beyond the rhododendrons were beds of water-lilies, growing luxuriantly in the mud in which the tench fattened, and making it excessively difficult to manage the line and the float. No less beautiful in its way, and even more hard to fish, is the stream which Mr. Davies selects as the representative scene of his "burn fishing." Here the niceties of the craft come into play, for in some places there is no covert at all, and in others there is a great deal too much to be pleasant. Where the brook flows along open meadow, with the bright noonday sun shining on the clear shallow water, you must crouch down at a distance to watch for the dark shadows that come floating up to the surface, and then drop your fly light as a thistle-down right over the biggest of these. But soon the brook goes tumbling downhill in a rapid alternation of pools and cascades, in the deep channel it has worked for itself under the arching boughs of alders and hazels, thickly interlaced with thorny brambles. Then again, there is nothing for it but to wade, picking your way over the slippery stones as you best can in the darkness, pitching a shortened line with a single fly into the bits of broken water ahead of you. And that, too, is glorious fishing for a boy, although by no means the kind of sport that recommends itself to elderly gentlemen of rheumatic tendencies, however sensitive may be their appreciation of the beautiful.

There are some pleasant chapters on shooting—rabbiting, wild-

duck shooting, &c.—interspersed with some avowedly fictitious adventures which we like the least; but decidedly the most characteristic of those which do not treat of fishing is the one which gives the story of a dog-hunt in the Berwyns. The Berwyns are a range of hills to the east of Bala, given up to sheep pastures. Except for the sheep and the shepherds, the upper grounds are almost deserted; the scattered population is gathered into the hamlets and farmhouses in the lower valleys. In such a country, when an intelligent dog once acquires a taste for mutton, he may do incalculable mischief before he is hunted down, and, like a weasel in a poultry-yard, he kills apparently for the mere pleasure of killing. The Berwyn sheep-farmers had been terribly victimized by an animal that long eluded detection. At length she was identified, and proved to be a black and white foxhound bitch; but although every one who could procure a gun carried one, no one had succeeded in getting a shot at her. At last the whole country rose; a regular hunt was organized with twelve couple of foxhounds, and a motley field, mounted and on foot, and armed with all manner of weapons. Mr. Davies describes the scene extremely vividly; the picturesque grandeur of the wild glens they were drawing, the enthusiastic excitement of a chase in which all were so deeply interested. The sheep-killer was viewed at last, and then all the pursuers went to work in earnest. He led them over mountain and moor, rock and bog, until the hunt began to tail off like Fitzjames's train in the *Lady of the Lake*. But in the hunt on the Berwyns, the villages sent out fresh relays as the chase swept by, and when one set gave over in sheer exhaustion, there was another ready to press on in its place. The first night they were brought to a check in the darkness. The second day they drew everything blank and hunted in vain. On the third, when they were about to give up in despair, news was brought by a quarryman that the object of pursuit was lying on a rock apparently exhausted, and she was stalked, surrounded, and slain. The narrative is told with spirit, yet its chief merit is in the force and faithfulness of the local colouring which Mr. Davies imparts to it. It is that, indeed, which makes the whole of his little volume such bright reading. A vein of poetical description runs through the whole; but Mr. Davies never sacrifices truth of detail to form of expression, and each description is redeemed from the reproach of monotony by a distinct and characteristic individuality of its own.

ELENA.*

WE have seldom read a more melancholy book than this. The whole story is pitched in the minor key, and nothing can exceed the plaintiveness of the somewhat meagre melody that results. Character and circumstance are alike sad; had they been more powerful, they would have had the higher quality of true tragedy, but tragedy presupposes a certain power and passion to which our present author is apparently unable to rise. Weakness indeed is the inherent defect of *Elena*, as it was of *Atherstone Priory*. Well conceived and tenderly touched as is the story of this Anglo-Italian girl, it fails in all that constitutes superior excellence by want of force. It is milk for babes, with water superadded; and though the milk is sweet and the water pure, the diet is not invigorating. The heroine Elena, who gives her name to the book, is a beautiful character enough—seen from a distance; close at hand she would be horribly tiresome. She is not beautiful in person, for, like Percy in *Atherstone Priory* she is decidedly plain, save for her eyes—fine eyes being imperative and part of the furniture of a heroine, and the proper use of them as necessary for her salvation as orthodoxy. But though she is "plain," eyes which are "large, and soft, and limpid, and black as the blackest velvet," will, as we all know, redeem the most homely features, and make even a snub aristocratic. Moreover she is graceful in movement, and with a high-bred air about her which is unmistakable even when she is only "a bit lassie" of fifteen, hungry and shabby and utterly uncared for. In character she is simply faultless. Her patience is sublime, her selfishness angelic, her devotion pathetic; but with all this she lacks the presence of more active qualities to individualize and consolidate her, to make her more than a mere type, and to round her off into living womanhood. She is too much after the pattern of those statues which represent a single virtue or a single sentiment, such as piety, resignation, charity, patience, pity, and the like; statues which express no other emotion or attribute of humanity than this one of which each is meant to be the symbol. Or perhaps we may take her as too misty for firm flesh and blood; a sad Niobe seen all in tears, but seen only as a fair face among the clouds; a shimmery creature as intangible as the vapours of which she is formed. It is a great mistake in authors to make their heroines too perfect or their stories too melancholy. Everything wants its energizing force, and humanity is no exception to the rule. All saintliness in a character, and all sadness in a life, are apt to produce a certain vagueness, which ends by wearying the most good-natured and the least irritable reader.

Had Elena been "overlooked" by some malevolent witch, she could not have been more painfully devoted to sorrow than we find her in this Italian tale. In her childhood half-starved, cruelly beaten, neglected, and ill-treated by "la cugina," who hates her for some unexplained cause connected with her black velvet eyes; in her

* *Elena: an Italian Tale*. By L. N. Comyn, Author of "Atherstone Priory." 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1873.

adolescence deceived by the man and defrauded of the love to which she had given herself; in her happier womanhood bereaved almost as soon as it had learnt its happiness; her very maternity but the sad reflex of her widowhood, and the joy of the one never able to heal the heart-break of the other—we wonder why such an unoffending creature should have been so severely scourged, and hold it rather barbarous to lay so many stripes on her tender back. At least she might have been left to live in peace and happiness with her husband after she had "won him to her love." It was hard to shoot him just as he had begun to repent of his folly and to love the light better than darkness, and we owe the author a grudge for this piling up of the agony when we think we might have been let off with a little sunshine.

Growing up and living in such an atmosphere of depression, it is not to be wondered at if Elena is somewhat sickly and without "salt." She reminds one of some delicate plant feebly struggling into life in the damp shade, where no sunlight ever penetrates, and where there are always dank dead leaves and the drippings of overhanging boughs. Of course the plant must be sickly and colourless in such a habitat; and a woman in Elena's circumstances of ever-flowing tears and perpetual gloom will also as naturally be feeble and depressed. It is a pity she had not so much time of vigorous happiness allotted to her as would have allowed her to become a trifle more robust than she is, or at least have allowed her to be, as it were, dried; for, though she comes into one gleam of sunshine in her miserably clouded life, it is but a watery gleam at the best, and soon passes off, leaving a deeper gloom than that it has illumined and dispersed. The consequence is, that the book is as it were damp with tears, and that we never meet Elena without seeing her cry or being expected to cry for her.

The character of Pauline, whom she calls her sister, but who is only her stepmother's daughter, also wants more "making out." We grant that certain girls are abominably disloyal and treacherous and deceitful about their sisters' lovers, as about most other things; but there ought to be a stronger motive assigned than mere girlish vanity for such a grave amount of flirtation as takes place between Elena's betrothed, Marco, and this pretty brightly-coloured butterfly, this brilliant laughing coquette, who is made to look only light and frothy, but who ought, by all the rules of art, to have been shown as something stronger than froth—bad, not only naughty. Girlish vanity is a reprehensible thing enough, but it has not stuff in it for continuous baseness; and Pauline is very base. That Marco should marry Elena, or rather her fortune, all the same, whether he loves her quasi-sister or not, and thinks he does no harm, but on the contrary that he does his duty like a man, is thoroughly Italian. Our author is too pure-minded to have added what the real Italian would have accepted as the sole solace of his position—the speedily-arranged marriage of Pauline, probably with the lover's dearest friend, and the tears of poor lachrymose Elena forgotten in the laughter of bright curly-headed Pauline. A hint of this kind would have revolted the British public; but it would have been ethnically truer than Marco's conversion to his wife, and Pauline's being suffered to escape into the hands of a detested Austrian.

We cannot help thinking, too, that Marco was wonderfully unwise in remaining at San Cesare, compromised as he was in the effort of that small town to remain one of the many members of "Italia Una." True, his father was ill; but the smallest amount of reasoning faculty would have told him that it was better for him to save his own life, and leave his father, if needs must, to die without his personal superintendence, than to remain for certain arrest and execution. All his other friends escaped in the breathing time allowed between the collapse of the Liberal movement and the return of the town to its old rule; and the Papal Government had wisely enough connived at this escape of the compromised; but Marco, who was the leader and the boldest spirit of them all, who had made himself the most prominent of all and had most to lose, chose to remain. Nothing can be weaker than the three reasons given for this suicidal rashness. No doubt "the idea of consulting his own safety when his father was dying, the thought of deserting the old man in his last extremity, of leaving his young wife alone with such a charge," may have been "repugnant to every feeling of his warm and generous heart"; but these very reasons would have forced a sounder decision from a sane and collected head. He knew that he would be shot if he remained; and it really seems a rather odd method of calculating virtues and weighing proprieties for a man to do that which he knows will deprive his young wife of his protection for ever because he will not let her bear alone the distress and trouble consequent on his father's death. Men who are so intensely domestic as this do not venture into the stormy sea of politics. If they prefer home to even their own safety, they are not likely to do things by which they will find their necks in a noose unless they make good their escape; and, had Marco thought so much of his family duties, he would have interfered less in political matters. These are the slips in the logical rendering of character which make such books as *Elena* so puerile. Of course as Marco insists on remaining, he is taken and shot; by the "irony of fate" the command of the shooting party devolving on his bosom friend Louis, who, in his turn, has always loved Elena to distraction, though he has been as pure and loyal as he is devoted.

After the death of her husband Elena passes into a kind of clouded state of mind, from which she is only awakened by the birth of her little boy, whom she however regards more as a bit of Marco than her own child. She must have made rather a depres-

sing playmate for the little fellow, for she never smiled when she spoke. "The blow that had fallen on her had been too heavy for her to be again what she had been, and smiles would probably be never hers again on earth"; and "even in speaking to her child, gentle and caressing as were her ways and words with him, her face never lost its expression of sadness, or her voice its touching melancholy." Thus the chord of misery is complete. In the beginning we see her as a girl of fifteen who has "something inexpressibly mournful in the anxious timidity which marked her features," whose "large dark eyes had a sad wistful look, as if for ever pleading for something—for something which she could never have"; in the middle she is a young wife coming to a home where the furniture frightens her and makes her think of ghosts, where she covers her face with her hands and the tears trickle fast through her slender fingers, where she knows that her husband does not love her and that he does love her sister; at the end, after a brief moment of married happiness when she has won Marco's love, she is a widow looking to death as her release.

Why has this author thought it necessary to give his—or her—readers those little lessons in Italian which perpetually break up the page and call the eye down to the foot-note? It is to be supposed that Marco and Elena, "la cugina" and Pepina, speak in Italian all through. Why, then, with two-thirds of the sentence in fair English, must we have here a word and there an exclamation in pure Italian, with the meaning set below under proper numerals? It would have been easier to have written in English from first to last, and then to have thrown in a compact little vocabulary at the end. When Elena binds up Marco's broken head in the beginning, what good end does it serve that she should say when going for water, "I will get you some 'subito' (1) — (1) Directly; in a minute"? When Marco sees that his mare is not injured, why does he say "Meno male" (1) in the body of the book, in large type, and (1) "So much the better" in small type below? When Elena talks to herself after the interview she speaks English, until at the last she bursts out with "Vorrei tanto rivederlo." As her soliloquy was certainly all made in Italian, this little bit of lingual patch-work seems unnecessary; and the effect is a curious mixture of pedantry and grotesqueness, not conducive to the harmony of the book. These, however, are adventitious blemishes, and could easily be removed; what remains as the greatest blemish of all is the weakness, in which we include the hysterical sentimentality, of this Italian tale.

WOODS'S HERODOTUS.*

IN a less degree perhaps than any other ancient writer can Herodotus be enjoyed at secondhand. The "Father of History" is such a genuine gossip, so artless and yet so quaint and arch on occasions, that his flavour gets dissipated in translation, and almost disappears in any attempt to represent it by a sketch or summary. For this reason probably the *Herodotus* of the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* Series has always struck us as disappointing; and even the two brighter and more elaborate attempts of Mr. Talboys Wheeler to portray the life and travels of the Halicarnassian sage are a very poor substitute for the undiluted matter of Herodotus himself, whose connecting links between chapter and chapter disclose a method in his seeming garrulity, and whose reflections are so naive as seldom to survive the process of transference into another tongue. It is plain, therefore, that a good handy edition of *Herodotus* deserves a cordial welcome in the interest of students who wish to make as thorough a first acquaintance with him as possible, and also of such as desire an easier and pleasanter recurrence to him than is consistent with diving into the four thick octavos of Baehr, which, till the appearance of Dean Blakesley's two volumes, were the scholar's edition of *Herodotus*. Of the latter it is impossible to speak without respect and approval; for while the text has been well considered, and the explanatory matter is lucid and scholarly, it contains such a fund of illustration from history and travels as perhaps no editor could have so ably brought together as the "Hertfordshire Incumbent." Yet this valuable work is obviously designed for mature scholars, and its limits preclude minute notices of construction and other details, which in its author's view ought to be sought for in books of reference. Mr. Woods aims at furnishing a "multum in parvo" edition, in which a young scholar may find difficulties of the text, points of grammar, historical questions, modern illustrations, all dealt with in turn. It cannot be said that in endeavouring to compass this aim he errs, to judge from the volumes before us, in point of diffuseness; nevertheless the only drawback to be apprehended to his edition of Herodotus in the *Catena Classicorum* Series is that, if all the Nine Muses are severally put forth in as many neat suits of plum colour, they will take up even more room on a shelf than the octavos of Blakesley or Baehr. But, even so, the fault may be said to be inherent in the original; and any credit to be got from succinctness and compression will be entirely Mr. Woods's own. We should hope that, by due study of the reader's requirements in the first three or four books, it may be feasible to limit the whole work to five or six volumes. When the preface of the first book, the accounts of Egypt in the second, and of Scythia in the fourth have been got over, there is nothing

* *Herodotus*. Books I. and II. With English Notes and Introduction. By Henry George Woods, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Oxford. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1873.

in the Persian War proper to forbid succinct annotation and limited illustration.

Assuredly it cannot be laid to Mr. Woods's charge that he wastes time or space in long introductions. Indeed we should say that his short chapters on the style and on the dialect of Herodotus, well thought out as they are and put forth with due compression, have tended considerably to relieve the foot-notes from overcrowding. His short life of Herodotus, too, proceeds on the principle of embracing all that is positively known and all that is most reasonably conjectured about it. In opposition apparently to the modern theory that Herodotus was a sort of Oliver Goldsmith who compiled travels in his study, and after the fashion of stay-at-home travellers made his excursions in handbooks and cyclopædias, or whatever served in the place of such compilations in his day, Mr. Woods enumerates the quarters which the historian actually visited, and infers from internal evidence that the order of his travels was first the East, then Egypt, and after that Tyre and Thasos; and that, though this is less decisive, his expeditions to the East and North both date back to the time of his residence at Halicarnassus or Samos, and not at his later Western home. His personal acquaintance with many chief cities and places of Greece cannot be doubted, and there is internal evidence of his travels to the westward as far as Southern Italy. This editor adopts also to some extent the plausible suggestion that Herodotus pursued travels which must have entailed much peril by land and sea, from strange men and from strange beasts, under the guise of a trader; and he quotes Palgrave's recent experiences in Central Arabia to show the comparative safety of the merchant amidst uncivilized nations who regard with dislike and jealousy the professed tourist or traveller seeking information. He does justice to what must strike every reader of Herodotus as one of his finest traits of character—his breadth of view, freedom from local prejudice, and thoroughly cosmopolitan wisdom; and analyses his theological views, which, if severe and, so to speak, ultra-Calvinistic, did not interfere with the cheerful tone of his writings, or lead him to propound or practise a blind and passive folding of the arms as the natural consequence of fatalism. The libels of Ctesias on Herodotus are perhaps too briefly noticed; but this may have been because a larger field is needed for refuting the charge of wholesale falsehood which he brought against Herodotus for his own purposes. Lovers of the old Halicarnassian—and there will always be many such—are ready to concede that he was no philosophic historian in the modern sense of the term, and will cherish a secret thankfulness that he was not so far in advance of his generation as to prefer a strict and rigid system of historical composition to the charming discursiveness, gossip, and story-telling which endear him to all who are capable of enjoying him in the original, as the "Froissart of antiquity."

We have already said that only in the original can Herodotus be thoroughly enjoyed. A few notes may serve to show that this edition of Mr. Woods's goes some way towards making this enjoyment more widely available by an intelligent appreciation alike of his author's peculiarities and his reader's needs. How well he has apprehended the former cannot be better shown than by quoting an excellent passage from his chapter on "the Style of Herodotus," which is at the same time a key to the understanding of the Herodotean manner, and a refutation of the unjust imputation of twaddling:—

The happy mean [writes Mr. Woods] between jejuneness and turgidity, which characterizes the greater part of his work, is one point in which the style of Herodotus resembles the conversation of a well-informed and well-bred talker. Whether there is any truth in the story of the Olympic recitation or not, his writings remind us much more of a man telling the story of his travels in natural, unpremeditated language to a few familiar friends, than of one who is reciting a studied composition before a large audience. His redundancies and repetitions, his frequent *ἀνακόλουθα*, his occasional use of the second person singular (with reference to the reader), and his invariable practice of referring to himself in the first person—so unlike the dignified reserve of Thucydides—are all illustrations of this conversational style. Some modern commentators have seen in his redundancies and repetitions the garrulity and forgetfulness of old age. But there is a sustained strength about the work which prevents us from believing that the greater part of it was composed when his powers had begun to decline. And though diffuse, he is rarely—if ever—prolix. When force is to be gained by brevity, he can be brief. The redundancies of his work must be ascribed, not to the old age of the writer, but to the infancy of the age in which he wrote.

One of the features in the style of Herodotus which it takes a shrewd study of the original to appreciate is the undercurrent of fun and humour to which, had he been an oral story-teller, he would have given vent without so much as moving a muscle. Thus, when he is describing how the wise men of Greece flocked to the Court of the millionaire Croesus, there is a bit of genial sarcasm in the remark that, not only the rest of them, but even Solon himself were attracted to Sardis because it was *ἀκράδουσας* *ᾠδῶν*, rolling in riches. Gold can not only bribe guards, but can command the services and good word of *savans*. In c. 147, 2, of the first book he has a playful and covert hit at the extravagant pretensions of the Asiatic Ionians on the ground of their supposed pure descent, where he says *ἔτιωσαν δὲ καὶ οἱ καθ' ἁρῶς γηγόνες Ἴωνες*—"let us call them then the thoroughbred Ionians." And again in II. 143, 1 there lurks a quiet touch of irony, where he draws a contrast between Hecateus the Milesian, as influenced by the Ionian weakness of quoting a god-descended pedigree, and himself who made no such pretence (*οὐ γινώσκουσιν ἱμῶν*). These are instances cited by Mr. Woods, but it would be easy to adduce many other proofs of quizzical humour

—e.g., where in the eighth chapter of the first book Herodotus chronicles, with all apparent gravity, that Candaules *ἠρόσθη τῆς ἑωπτοῦ γυναίκας*—"was in love with his own wife"—such a passion being exceptional, as Mr. Woods notes, in an Oriental despot. The same mixture of shrewdness and naïveté in a casual remark, liable sometimes to be taken as mere matter of fact, but at other times provoking a smile from the reader, is also discernible in such passages as Herodotus's hit at Spartan cupidity in I. c. 70, where he suggests that, whereas the Samians attribute their possession of the Spartan cup which was destined for Croesus to a fair open purchase from the Lacedæmonian envoys, the latter, when they found that his empire had collapsed, would most likely aver that they had been robbed of it by the Samians; and the happy way in which, in c. 79, 1, of the first book Herodotus describes the sudden and unexpected appearance of Cyrus before Sardis and the surprise of Croesus; *ἰάσας γὰρ τὸν στρατὸν ἐς τὴν Αὐδίην αὐτὸς ἀγγεῖλος Κροίσῳ δηλώσας*. He had not taken the trouble to send heralds or envoys, but had carried his own errand; the use of the pluperfect being, as Mr. Woods surmises, to emphasize the suddenness of his advance.

Another point which Mr. Woods has made duly prominent in his foot-notes is the frequent parallelism of Herodotus with Homer. As one might expect, so early a prose style would have many poetic images and features, and the editor whose work is before us has not failed to make this felt by copious illustration. Does Croesus dream a dream, it is, in Herodotus's phrase, a dream-spirit, or personified *δνῶσις*, that stands at his couch's head. Does the same monarch find that his dreams have proved true, but in a sense he never dreamed of, the reflection that Herodotus puts in his mouth, *ἀλλὰ τὰυτὰ δαίμοσι καὶ φίλον ἦν οὕτω γίνεσθαι* (I. 88, 4) differs very slightly, if at all, from the Homeric *οὕτω ποῦν Διὶ μίλλει ὑπερμνῆ φίλον εἶναι* of II. II. 116. All such coincidences are, as far as our observation goes, carefully noted by Mr. Woods, so that the student has the advantage of an interesting comparison between an early Ionic prose-writer and a still earlier poet of the same country, with whom his reading has brought him in contact.

In a few instances it has struck us that a note is wanting in this edition, in consequence of the editor's conviction that the learner had better find it explained in the lexicons. In I. 24, for example, there is no note at *ἀνακῶς ἔχειν*, an unusual expression, and the same is the case at I. IV., where it is said of Croesus's experience of the Delphic Oracle, that, when he was convinced of its veracity, *ἠνεχορίσθη αὐτοῦ* (he took his fill of it; he consulted it greedily, the metaphor being taken from the habits of a glutton). On the other hand, Mr. Woods is so helpful and honest in cases of manifest difficulty, and so satisfactory in his choice of illustrative matter, that we cannot complain of omissions, especially where other helps are within reach of the intelligent and painstaking student. *Appropos* of the oracular responses, one illustrative note of Mr. Woods's at I. 49, on the correctness of the answer to Croesus as to what he was doing at a certain point of time, about which there could have been no collusion, has struck us as quite exhaustive in its way, and as an excellent specimen of a model note for such an edition. It sets on one side the oracles which led to their own fulfilment, those which were invented after the event, those which enforce a maxim or religious precept, those which were given under the direct influence of a political party, and those which, like the answers to Croesus about crossing the Halys, were clearly the result of imposture. All these are capable of explanation, and a study of the samples of each which are cited abundantly proves this. But "here," writes Mr. Woods, "we must either disbelieve the story altogether, or attribute the answer to clairvoyance." He seems to incline to the former solution when he says that "probably Herodotus derived his information from the Delphian priests."

We have examined with interest the solutions proposed in this edition to certain knotty bits of construction which occur in the first and second books, and which have puzzled scholars before Mr. Woods. In the conversation of Bias of Priene with Croesus (I. 27 § 4) occurs a crabbed passage of this kind, most of the suggested remedies for which are over-violent. In the sentence—*νησιώτας δὲ τι δοκίμους εὐχεσθαι ἄλλο, ἢ, ἐπεὶ τε τάχιστα ἐπιθροῦναι σε—ναυπηγῆσθαι νῆας, λάβειν ἀρώμενοι Λύδους ἐν θαλάσῃ*—the difficulty is enhanced by the strong manuscript authority for *ἀρώμενοι*. Dean Blakesley would omit *εὐχεσθαι* and *ἢ*, and secure a good sense at the cost of liberties with the text. We prefer Mr. Woods's more conservative resort to an *ἀνακόλουθον*, the idea of *εὐχεσθαι* being carelessly reiterated in *ἀρώμενοι*, which follows as if the sentence had begun with *νησιώται δὲ ἅρ' οὐκ εὐχόμενοι*; in which case the sense would be—"and what thinkest thou the islanders wished more as soon as they learnt, &c.? Are they not praying to catch the Lydians at sea?" In I. 160 another puzzle is caused by *ὅτε* following *ἦν δὲ χρόνος οὗτος οὐκ ὀλίγος γεγόμενος*, but we think that Mr. Woods meets it by showing that *ὅτε* is not, *i.g.* *ἔξ ὅτου*, but that *οὗτος* anticipates *ὅτε*; "that was no long time which passed, wherein." In a case of difficulty at II. 22 § 2, where the text is surely at fault, he is led from his usual sound judgment by following Stein into violent omissions and liberties with punctuation.

We may add in conclusion that, though Mr. Woods is, from the necessity of the case, far more chary of illustration than Dean Blakesley, there is quite enough of it in his foot-notes to enliven the task of following the old historian through his rambling descriptions and episodes; and all that is given in this way is appropriate and well chosen. In the elucidation of the details of

the topography of Babylon in the first book, and of the chapters relating to the Nile, its overflowings and its exploration, in the second, he is so careful, full, and exact, as to leave nothing to be required by the intelligent reader.

THE SIMANCAS RECORDS.* (Second Notice.)

DON PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS is a new editor in the series of Calendars issued under the superintendence of the Master of the Rolls. We therefore in our previous notice of the volume gave more space than we usually do to an estimate of the qualifications which, judging from the mode in which the work was done, he seemed to us to possess for such a task. We do not at all wish to detract from the high praise which we think is his due, or to express any other opinion than that to which we have already committed ourselves—that it would be difficult to find another person who could so well act the part of a successor to the late Mr. Bergenroth. And yet we think it worth while to draw attention to one more fault which is very evident to a scholar, though probably it would pass unnoticed by an ordinary reader, who would skip, or only perhaps just glance at, official documents which are printed in Latin.

We noticed what appeared to us must be mistakes in copying in the two Breves which we described in our previous article, for the dispensation for the Emperor's marriage, and at first we were inclined to suppose that the editor had followed his copy, not noticing the blunders which a contemporary scribe will sometimes make in copying such papers. We attributed the mistakes to the scribe and not to the editor; but upon closer inspection there can be no doubt that they arise from the carelessness of the editor or the want of scholarship of his amanuensis, or perhaps we ought to say from both. When *munere* is printed for *numero*, and when the loss of a few letters in the middle of a word is supplied in so careless a manner as the following—*cl[ar]is[im]us*—and two lines further on *cl[ar]is[im]a*, we naturally turn to the end of the document to see who transcribed it, and we can scarcely think that the rest of the blunders in the document can be attributed fairly to Secretary Perez. Moreover there is a fatal mistake which makes nonsense of one of the sentences of the Breve by beginning a new paragraph in the middle of a sentence, where the separation should have been noted by a comma only. The matter is more important than might be judged at first sight. The Breve is specially difficult to make out, and is needlessly complicated by so many blunders. Perhaps *nequaquam obstante* for *nequam obstantibus* would puzzle no one; nevertheless it is a dissight in so handsome a volume as this.

We now return to the historical matters contained in this volume, and we can scarcely give a better illustration of the mode in which these foreign despatches dovetail into and complete the accounts which may be gathered from papers previously published than by reference to some documents of the first two months of the year 1525. Mr. Brewer, who has analysed every document yet brought to light from any source, has printed only two letters of Wolsey's which belong to the period in question, and which are addressed to foreign Courts. There are two other letters of Wolsey's, one addressed to the King, the other to Sir Thomas More, which we omit for the present to notice, as not touching the particular point we mean to refer to. There are about a dozen documents, nearly all of them analysed from the Imperial Archives at Vienna, which refer to Wolsey's policy during that period of mutual suspicion when it must have been so difficult for either party to fathom the intentions of the opposite side. On the night of Sunday, February 12 (not, as Wolsey's relation of the affair gives it, on the 11th), a man on horseback was arrested as he was riding from London to Brentford. Suspicion having arisen from his evasive answers to questions put to him, he was searched, and some ciphered and other despatches were found upon him. The packet was forwarded to Sir Thomas More, who was informed by the bearer that the letters were written by De Praet, and saw by their superscription that they were addressed to the Emperor. More went off immediately to the Cardinal, who unsealed the packet; or, as the other account gives it, found the packet already broken open, and read the contents.

The story is told in the Life of Wolsey by Dr. Fiddes, who had seen and analysed the Cardinal's letter of February 13, 1525. We know from that and from other sources what Wolsey thought of De Praet. We here learn from his own letters what the Imperial Ambassador thought of Wolsey. They are full of complaints against the Cardinal of York, and probably their contents very much resemble those of the intercepted packet of letters which was presented to Wolsey on the morning of the 13th of February, as he was sitting in Court as Lord High Chancellor. The letters were then read by Wolsey, and so important did he think the charges alleged against himself to be, that he ordered some letters which had been despatched the day before to the Lady Margaret to be seized and opened. The effect of these letters, as described by Wolsey in his letter to Sampson, the contents of which were to be represented to the Emperor, was that "the

King's amity with the Emperor was faint and slender." They also contained "malicious words" touching himself and the Pope, as Wolsey writes, "which are little to be regarded." He also drew the Emperor's special attention to the words used by his Ambassador:—"If we should gain the battle all will be well; our master will escape the danger of such friends and confederates as he has had hitherto; and let me say that he is little obliged to any of them, whoever they may be"; and to another sentence in his letter which ran as follows:—"When matters succeed well he" (Wolsey) "knows not what to say, and when otherwise he talks wonders. I hope one day to see our master avenged, for he is the main cause of all his misfortune." We need not inquire whether the seizure of the first packet of letters led as accidentally as Wolsey represented the matter to the discovery of the secrets which the Ambassador was communicating to the Emperor. Undoubtedly Wolsey carried the matter with a high hand, absolutely forbidding De Praet to write again to the Emperor on the subject, saying that the King and he would advertise the Emperor of all the circumstances of the case, and forbidding him to appear again in the King's presence or his own (p. 52).

Now, though these particular intercepted letters of course cannot now be found at Madrid or Vienna, there is enough in the rest of De Praet's correspondence to bear out all Wolsey's accusations of him, though readers accustomed to modern rules of etiquette will probably wonder that the Cardinal should have so unblushingly paraded the fact of his breaking open a second packet of despatches to the Emperor on a suspicion founded upon the (if so be) accidental discovery of the first packet open. De Praet understood something of the turn things were taking in England, and suspected more than he could see through, but he was no match for Wolsey. He truly observed that, after a long conference with the Cardinal, he was unable to guess what his real sentiments were, as he seemed at one time to disapprove of the Pope's behaviour in seeming to favour the French King, and immediately after said that he did not blame him for what he had done, but that he could have acted better—all which the Imperial Ambassador thought was very much in contradiction to the instructions which had been given to Sir Gregory Cassali when he was sent off to the Viceroy of Naples. But De Praet was certainly wrong when he fancied that

The Legate was very much embarrassed from fear of his past acts and words coming perchance to the King's knowledge; for if they should, it will be found out that they have greatly tended to produce the present evils, and perhaps to have been done and said without the King's sanction.—P. 42.

And now, in order to cap this sagacious conjecture of De Praet's, we must recur to Mr. Brewer's last volume, and quote Wolsey's letter to Henry, written just nine days later than the communication from the Imperial Ambassador to Charles—i.e. the very day when the intercepted packet had been presented to him in Court, "and twelve days before the fatal battle of Pavia":—

The result must be dangerous for the French King; bloody if he wins; if he loses, the Imperialists will not fail to pursue him so as hard and almost impossible it shall be for him to escape into his country, the great snows yet lying in the mountain. The coming of Gregory Cassali will encourage the Imperialists, confirm the Venetians, and make the Pope change his mind; by which means, and the grant of 50,000 crowns, it will be known that, whatever good effect arises is to be ascribed to your Highness, "who in time of extreme desperation of the Emperor's affairs in Italy, have been the only reviver of the same." The Duke of Milan will be no less grateful for the methods adopted by the King for securing the investiture, which he could not obtain from the Emperor. Should the Imperialists get the worst, which is not probable, thanked be God! your affairs be by your high wisdom in more assured and substantial train by such communications as be set forth with France apart than others in outward places would suppose.—Brewer's Calendar, Vol. IV. p. 471.

What would not De Praet have given to see that letter?

It is extremely interesting to see the Imperial Ambassador's own account of the seizure of these letters, which he asserts, and probably with truth, were broken open designedly. De Praet paid no attention to the prohibition laid upon him, and on the 25th of February gave the Emperor a full account of everything, and then inveighed in no measured terms against the Cardinal of York for his duplicity in playing a game which would answer in either case of the Emperor's winning or losing at Pavia. Of course under the circumstances De Praet had nothing to do but to ask to be recalled. Accordingly he was soon afterwards withdrawn from the English Court and transferred to the Court of France. Whichever version of the story be adopted, the Emperor might easily have made it a *casus belli*, but he was in no position to do so, and he was obliged to put up with the insult; and, though really upholding his Ambassador's conduct in his private letters to De Praet, bore with Henry and Wolsey in their representations or misrepresentations, whichever they may be called. It was of course necessary for the King and the Cardinal to justify their conduct, and the *Justification des Anglois*, as the document is called, occupies twenty-six pages in the copy deposited in the Archives at Brussels. And on the 8th of March, the day before the tidings of the Imperial victory at Pavia, the King and Wolsey each addressed a letter to Charles. The King accused his Ambassador of being indiscreet, unloyal, and ungrateful, and behaving in a way very different from his own "paternal affection, acts, and proceedings towards the Emperor," and asking for De Praet to be punished accordingly. The Cardinal vindicated his own honour, faith, and loyalty towards Charles, and asked him to refuse belief to the abusive reports and advices of his Ambassador, and not to allow his loyal servant—namely, himself—to be thus treated and made a subject of scandal, without any cause or reason for it.

About a fortnight afterwards, when the news of the battle of

* *Calendars of Letters, Despatches, and State Papers, relating to the Negotiations between England and Spain, preserved in the Archives at Simancas and elsewhere.* Vol. III. Part I. Henry VIII. 1525-1526. Edited by Pascual de Gayangos. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co. 1873.

Pavia had arrived, De Praet again wrote to the Emperor, and informed him that he had been told "the Cardinal would give anything not to have acted as he has done in the affair, especially since the arrival of the grand and most happy news just received in this capital," adding that "the Cardinal had indeed reasons to repent of what he had done; but his Imperial Majesty is wise and prudent, and cannot fail to make good use of his victory according to time and circumstances" (p. 86).

The proceedings subsequent to the battle of Pavia are at least as interesting and as copiously illustrated as those we have been referring to. The Emperor's replies, both to Wolsey and the King, are dignified, and he does not adopt the haughty and peremptory tone which might have been expected; and, in a letter afterwards addressed to his Ambassador, explains to him that he is seriously displeased, but thinks proper to disguise his resentment, and threatens that he will make the Cardinal suffer for it. In the midst of all these recriminations there is a very pretty letter from Catherine of Aragon to her nephew, congratulating him on his victory. The last instructions issued to the Imperial Ambassador were to the effect that he was to tell the King and Legate that the Emperor was fully determined to follow up his victory. But they never reached De Praet, who had been recalled by the Regent of the Netherlands, and had had to quit London without taking formal leave of either the Cardinal or the King, who absolutely refused to see him.

And here we must take our leave of the Ambassador and of the volume, and shall only add that we consider it to be one of the most important of the whole series of Calendars which are so creditable to the Government in respect to the initiation, and to the Calendarers as regards the execution, of the project.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

v.

MEMORIALS of Wedgwood, by Eliza Meteyard, author of the "Life of Wedgwood," &c. (Bell and Sons). Miss Meteyard here gives us another admirable selection from the works of the great Staffordshire potter. "It will be found," she says, "to include a more miscellaneous assemblage of objects than her previous volume, and a few others more archaic in design, fabrication, and material than those usually received as specimens of Wedgwood's skill as an artistic potter." Not only does she aim at gratifying the taste by the diffusion of such beautiful works of art, but she also seeks to preserve from destruction the designs at all events of this frail kind of work. "The destruction," she writes, "of Wedgwood's finest works has been great; and the time has certainly come when it becomes a national, as well as an individual, duty to gather up and preserve the precious works of this illustrious Englishman." She also seeks to protect the collector against the worthless imitations of Wedgwood which are sold in such abundance. The race of collectors is indeed a credulous one. Who does not know some traveller who, in a visit of a couple of days to Damascus, has chanced to light upon some brass pot of immense antiquity and inestimable value which had escaped the notice of all the local collectors? Who does not know some other traveller who, in his first afternoon in a Dutch town, has found in some back street an undoubted Holbein, and carried it off for a mere song from the unsuspecting dealer? In the potter's art, at all events, Miss Meteyard is doing her best to guard against trickery those who are unwilling to be tricked. The photographs in this collection are perhaps the best we have ever seen. The figures on the medallions so stand out from the paper to the eye that the mind is not satisfied till the touch has convinced it that the surface is flat.

Scarcely inferior is the *Castellani Collection*, a series of twenty photographs by S. Thompson, selected and described by C. T. Newton, M.A., Keeper of the Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum (Bell and Sons). It is in such works as these that the real power of photography is seen. Disappointing as so commonly are the photographs of scenery, or of pictures, where all colouring is worse than sacrificed, in the representation of the art of the workers in stone it stands forth at its best. It is not only, however, in the artistic point of view that the interest of the present series lies. By the antiquary it will be as highly esteemed as by the artist, while by that not inconsiderable portion of the public which, in estimating every book, first considers how it will look upon the drawing-room table, this splendid volume will be valued no less highly.

The *Boydell Gallery: a Collection of Engravings illustrating the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare*, by the Artists of Great Britain. Reproduced from the originals in permanent Woodbury type, by V. Brooks, Day and Son (Bickers and Son). In this magnificent volume we have an admirable reproduction of the well-known Boydell Gallery. This great gallery, which was nearly twenty years in preparation, and which cost, as we read, above a hundred thousand pounds, almost ruined its fine old projector, Alderman Boydell. A few years after he had taken the enterprise in hand, just when everything seemed to promise very well with him, "that Gothic revolution," he writes, "which broke out about this time, and still convulses the whole Continent, soon made an end of those happy days." Instead of presenting, as he had hoped, the original paintings of his Shakespeare Gallery to the nation, the engraver was forced in his eighty-sixth year to apply to Parliament for leave to sell them all by lottery. Leave was granted, but just

as the last ticket had been sold the Alderman died. We hope that the present publishers, free as they just at present are from a "Gothic revolution," may find their spirited undertaking as successful as it deserves to be.

Scenes of Scottish Story, by William Ballingall (Edmonston and Douglas). "The present volume," the author writes in his preface, "is to be regarded as a companion to my larger and kindred work, the *Shores of Fife*, already published." The *Shores of Fife* we noticed last year, but with no great praise. Its companion volume, if it is smaller, is nevertheless by far the better book of the two. Mr. Ballingall has in the present work either found subjects more suited to his pencil, or else—and this we think is the right explanation—he has greatly gained in artistic power and skill. The Scotch do not keep so heathen a festival as Christmas, we believe. May we advise them to satisfy their feelings of patriotism and gratify at the same time their love of art by presenting to each other on New Year's Day these *Scenes of Scottish Story*?

Thorwaldsen: his Life and Works, by Eugène Plon. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Illustrated by thirty-nine engravings on steel and wood (Bentley and Son). The original memoir is well put together, the illustrations are good, and the translation is fairly done. The life of the great Dane was not very eventful, nevertheless M. Plon has made an interesting memoir.

Old and New London: a Narrative of its History, its People, and its Places, by Walter Thornbury. Illustrated with numerous engravings from the most authentic sources. Vol. I. (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin). The illustrations to this volume are certainly not new, though many of them are interesting; but then, on the other hand, 200 new engravings, together with 576 large pages of letterpress, could scarcely have been given for nine shillings. The book on the whole is well done, and will, if it spreads abroad in its weekly numbers as much as it deserves, enable many a lad to people the dull streets through which his daily walk lies with a race of whom he will never weary. It is a pity that Mr. Thornbury will, like all the rest of the compilers, go out of his way to blunder over early history. Why "in Cannon Street by the old central milestone of London" will "grave Romans meet us and talk of Cæsar and his legions"? What had Cæsar to do with London, we should like to know? Curiously enough Mr. Thornbury has read "that most reliable (*sic*) writer on this period, Mr. Freeman," quotes from him largely and praises him highly, and yet, even when he quotes him, writes of Saxon London. Mr. Freeman must be ever feeling the same kind of disappointment as the missionary who, just when he has brought his converted savage to rely on baptismal regeneration, finds that he is still quite ready to dine off his old grandmother.

Lyrics of Love, from Shakspeare to Tennyson. Selected and arranged with notes by W. Davenport Adams (Henry S. King and Co.). Mr. Adams has this Christmas published two excellent selections from the English poets. We have in an earlier notice already praised his *Student's Treasury of English Song*. No less worthy of praise is his *Lyrics of Love*. The full title, however, is not altogether accurate. No one would much expect with such a title to find extracts either from a poet of Henry VIII.'s reign or from the younger generation of the poets of the present day. "Lyrics of Love from Wyatt to Swinburne" would have been nearer the truth; but perhaps would not have looked quite so well on the title-page.

Storm Warriors; or, Life-Boat Work on the Goodwin Sands, by the Rev. J. Gilmore, M.A., Rector of Holy Trinity, Ramsgate, author of "The Ramsgate Life-Boat in 'Macmillan's Magazine'" (Macmillan and Co.). Mr. Gilmore has written a very interesting account of some of the most gallant adventures with the life-boat. We have no doubt that his work will render more dear to every Englishman than ever one of the noblest of all Societies—the Royal Life-Boat Institution.

Recollections of a Rambler, by G. A. Simcox, M.A., Fellow and Classical Lecturer, Queen's College, Oxford, author of "Prometheus." With forty illustrations (Chapman and Hall). The forty illustrations to this book are for the most part very poor. The book itself is still poorer. Mr. Simcox no doubt writes with a certain air which might perhaps for a time impose on any one who had learnt to read, but had not at the same time learnt to think.

The *Licensed Victuallers' Year-Book for 1874*, by H. D. Miles, editor of the "Licensed Victuallers' Gazette." In this Year-Book is given a list of members of Parliament with an "arrangement of prefixes that, it is believed, will be found useful to electors and to readers of the debates." Any licensed victualler and any licensed victualler's friend can at a glance tell the course each member took in the vote on the Permissive Bill. Happy is "that 'true Liberal' majority (including Whigs, Conservatives, and Radicals) whose names are honoured with a star!" Less happy are they who "abstained"—ill-omened word!—"or were absent from the test-vote and are marked a"; while hopeless is the fate of those who "are pledged to the Permissive Bill and have a *p* prefixed to their names." Among these last we notice Mr. Whalley. Could he not by a happy inspiration convince the electors of Peterborough that *p* stands for Protestant? The editor has not confined himself to politics and drink. He goes into the derivation of words. September, he tells us, "is compounded of *Septem*, seven, and *imber*, a shower of rain." *Ne sutor supra crepidem*, we would say. Licensed victuallers had better leave showers of rain alone.

Hammond's Good Templar Almanac and Year-Book makes but a poor show against its powerful rival. It gives no marked list of

members of Parliament, and but six portraits of Good Templars against the nine portraits of Jolly Victuallers. It is, however, edited by the Rev. John Thomas, D. V. T. for Middlesex, and S.D., G.W.C.T. What these letters mean we have not been able to find out, though in a short account of the reverend gentleman with the letters, in his capacity of preacher, written, we suppose, by him in his capacity of editor, we read "that there are many of his congregation who thank God that he has been the instrument in the hands of the Holy Spirit by which they have been brought into a higher and nobler fellowship than that of Good Templarism, even the fellowship of Christ." In the "Good Templar Almanac," while December 29, 1689 (*sic*) is remarkable as the day on which Lord Stafford was beheaded, December 31, 1871, is no less remarkable as the day when "G. T. Battle-cry was preached. Rev. J. Thomas."

Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer, by F. G. Stephens, author of "Flemish Relics" (Bell and Sons). Mr. Stephens in this elegant volume gives us "a sketch of the life of the artist, illustrated with reproductions of twenty-four of his most popular works, being a new edition of the *Early Works of Sir Edwin Landseer*." Interesting as are the illustrations, and admirably as some of them—not all—have been reproduced, yet the book itself is a little disappointing. Mr. Stephens is not nearly so happy in his style as in many of his other works on art. We have not a few sentences as clumsy and as inartistic as the following:—"Edwin Landseer was born in 1802, the year before another animal-painter of modern note, Mr. T. S. Cooper, and that event took place at his father's house, No. 83 Queen Anne Street, East (Turner's Queen Anne Street), and he was consequently at his death in his seventy-second year." Edwin Landseer's great popularity, however, and the twenty-four reproductions, will, we have no doubt, cover a multitude of errors in style, and render these Memoirs one of the most popular of Christmas books.

English Sonnets: a Selection, edited by John Dennis (King and Co.). Mr. Dennis has shown great judgment in this selection. "It is designed," he tells us, "for the student of poetry; not for the reader who takes up a volume of verse in order to pass away an idle hour." And yet perhaps the chance reader, if he lights on such a volume as this, may in time become a student of poetry. At all events, as bees—to quote the line of one of our greatest writers of sonnets—"will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells," we do not know why a man who has no claim to be a student may not pass away an idle hour deep in such sonnets as these.

Virtue's Imperial Shakespeare, edited by Charles Knight. With illustrations by Cope, R.A., Leslie, R.A., MacIise, R.A., &c., &c. (Virtue). This is the fifth division of Messrs. Virtue's great reprint of Knight's *Imperial Shakespeare*. The book is on so great a scale, and the print is so large and so clear, that the only difficulty is to get far enough away from it to read it with any degree of comfort. The engravings are of very unequal merit. In the present number we have two excellent ones from pictures by Sir John Gilbert and Mr. Pettie.

Recollections of the Life of Countess Matilda von der Recke Volmerstein, by her Daughter. Translated from the German; with an introduction by the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells (Seeley and Co.). The daughter has done well in writing the memoirs of such a mother—a woman who, while she was a good wife and a good mother, had yet love and strength to spare for the hundreds of orphans who came beneath her care and that of her noble old husband. He shortly after the close of the great French war had founded a home for orphan children. He took in those whose depravity had barred to them the doors of many a charitably disposed household. Before many years had passed he and his wife had a household of 375 to manage. His health was delicate, and on her the chief burden fell. She thus describes her daily life:—"From five in the morning until half-past ten at night I am not free from work. I have to order everything, to see after the meals every day, to give out work and to superintend it, to preserve fruit, to visit the sick, to provide for the girls' school, and cut out linen." Add to this that she kept all the accounts, brought up a large family of her own, and had a husband in delicate health to look after. The Memoir is interestingly written, and is not unworthy of such a woman.

Illustrated Games of Patience, by Lady Adelaide Cadogan. Dedicated by permission to H.R.H. Prince Leopold, K.G. (Sampson Low and Co.). In this handsome volume we have the fullest explanations of twenty-four games of Patience, while an abundance of diagrams does all that diagrams can do to clear away difficulties. Of the twenty-four games no fewer than twenty bear French names. Can it be the case that these games have been the invention and consolation of the various factions—Royalist, Republican, Imperialist, Socialist—that have had in turn to pass long years of exile on our shores? To any one who is not well up in the language of Patience, such an explanation as the following is a little strange:—"Marriages may be made in the Zodiac with cards from the Equator (but not *vice versa*) and from the talon or pack; but cards in the Zodiac cannot marry each other, neither can those in the Equator do so." If, as we doubt not, His Royal Highness, to whom this elegant work is dedicated, understands all this, it is an additional proof to how highly cultivated a house he belongs. Happy for him that, unlike the members of other Royal families, he can cultivate patience as an amusement.

Besides these more considerable works, we have still left on hand a host of stories for young people, which we would gladly notice

had we time and space to spare. As it is, we must content ourselves with selecting to the best of our power a certain number as typical of the rest.

Thwarted; or, Duck's Eggs in a Hen's Nest (Bentley). This is a very pretty story by the author of *Misunderstood*, of which, by the way, we have received from the same publishers a new edition, with eight very pretty full-page illustrations by George du Maurier. Those who found great delight in *Misunderstood* will find, we believe, no less in *Thwarted*. A story for the young, we would remark, scarcely requires the dignity of two or three blank pages at the end of each frequently occurring chapter, like a three-volume novel. A little compactness in printing would have rendered *Thwarted* none the less attractive.

Pet; or, Pastimes and Penalties, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A., author of "Music and Morals." With fifty illustrations by M. E. Haweis (Isbister). We cannot say much for this story. The writing is somewhat careless, and the tone is not altogether what we could desire.

In His Name: a Story of the Dark Ages, by Edward E. Hale, author of "Ups and Downs" (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Hale is already known to us as an author who can write a simple but interesting story. In *His Name*—the scene of which is laid among the Waldenses—is not inferior to his *Ups and Downs*.

Life in the Red Brigade: a Story for Boys, by R. M. Ballantyne. With illustrations (Routledge). Save that Mr. Ballantyne's words are often a great deal too big, there is considerable merit in these stories. They are full of astounding adventures, and will be enjoyed by those for whom they are written.

The Children's Voyage; or, a Trip in the Water Fairy, and *Katty Lester*, both by Mrs. George Cupples (Marcus Ward). These stories are not nearly so good as Mrs. Cupples's earlier ones; while the illustrations by Edward Duncan and Harrison Weir are altogether spoilt by the colouring process through which they have been put.

A Practical Treatise on the Art of Illuminating, by Marcus Ward, Illuminator to the Queen, seems to be a very complete manual. Young people who have some taste for art would spend with pleasure many hours in "illuminating" the uncoloured devices that are given in this book in great abundance.

In the *Story of the Robins*, by Mrs. Trimmer, and in the *Basket of Flowers*, translated from the German edition, both with coloured illustrations, and both published by Warne and Co., we have reprints of old favourites. One story is "designed to teach children the proper treatment of animals," and in the other are shown "piety and truth triumphant." We are ourselves immoral enough to like stories without a moral. However, for moral stories, these are a good deal above the common run.

Easydale: a Story, by Edis Searle, author of "Friends and Neighbours," &c. (Seeley and Co.). We have in this book a story of a model clergyman, who converts a careless squire and makes him all that a modern squire ought to be. The influence that a young child has over this rough man, and the way in which he tames him down and refines him, is prettily described.

The Three Sisters, by Mrs. Perring, and *Marian Ellis*, by a "Clergyman's Wife" (Routledge), may be described as highly proper prizes for Sunday Schools. They are full of good teaching, of painfully good fathers and mothers who are always ready to improve the occasion and to deliver a sermon on the shortest notice.

The Story of Waterloo (Nimmo). In this little book is given a brief but not uninteresting account of the story of Waterloo. The writer has drawn largely on Mr. Hooper's excellent work, and has drawn with judgment.

Blanche and Beryl, by Madame de Stolz. With illustrations by Emile Bayard (Routledge). The picture of French life given in this book is pleasant enough, while the story itself is pretty and wholesome. Emile Bayard's illustrations are unusually good. The translator's work, however, has not been very well done.

Elsie's Choice: a Story, by the author of "May's Garden." With eight illustrations (Seeley). We do not like this story at all. The author might surely find something better to do than to write about the flirtations of girls who are still children and of boys who are scarcely out of their knickerbockers. When such young people begin to ape the follies of those who are a few years older, instead of having them written about, we would much rather have them—the boys, at least—soundly birched.

Fifeful Gleams from Fancyland, by Edith Milner. With sixteen illustrations drawn on wood by the Hon. Mrs. E. Stanhope (Houlston). "It seems to me," says one of the children in this book, "that sentiment is a poor morbid thing." If children like to read about such a child as this, they are not what we take them to be.

Tell Mamma, by the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam." With illustrations (Routledge). In this book girls are taught what they should do by showing them at great length what they should not do. It is too old a book for young girls, and too badly written a book, we trust, for young ladies.

Six by Two: Stories of Old Schoolfellows, by Edith Dixon and Mary de Morgan. With eight plates (Virtue). English girls will not the less like these pleasantly written stories because they are all about foreign school-life. The illustrations, by the way,

strike us as having so little to do with the story that we should fancy that they must have served at least once before.

Maggie's Mistake: a Schoolgirl's Story, by the author of "Aunt Annie's Stories." With twenty-four illustrations by L. Frölich (Seeley). We fancy that little maids of nine or ten years old will like to follow Maggie in all her mistakes. Let us hope that they may take warning from her, and be saved from at least some of her blunders. We cannot say much for Mr. Frölich's illustrations.

Miss Moore: a Tale for Girls, by Georgiana M. Craik. Illustrated by A. W. May (Sampson Low and Co.) Miss Moore is the new governess whom all the children dislike and tease, but who ends by winning their love. The story, though not perhaps very original, is well told.

Cris Miller, by Mrs. F. Marshall Ward (Bemrose). We have over again in this story the moral of the Idle and Industrious Apprentices, with this important difference, however, to suit the requirements of our age, that in the end both the heroes do well. It strikes us as rather poorly written; but a very youthful critic, to whose judgment we submitted it, differed from us in this.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

WE have received during the current month but few American books, and those of comparatively small interest or importance. From a political point of view none is so important as a Blue-Book presented to Congress on the subject of the Cuban Insurrection*, containing a full account of the negotiations which took place between the Spanish and American Governments in 1869, with reference to a possible armistice and ultimate recognition of Cuban independence. It is remarkable that the Spanish Ministers appear to have been more willing than might have been expected to contemplate the abandonment of the most valuable relic of their once vast Transatlantic possessions; probably believing that its permanent retention, in face of the strong sympathy shown by the Americans as a people—whether Democratic sympathizers with slavery or Republican propagandists of abolition might be in power—with every form of rebellion and disaffection in Cuba, and of the immense difficulty which the violent divisions of faction and feeling in the island presented in the way of conciliation, would prove impracticable. But the pride of the Spanish nation was roused to fierce and formidable ebullitions of indignation by the first rumours of such a proposition, and, above all, by the suspicion that the session was to be brought about by foreign interposition; and ultimately, as our readers know, the negotiation proved abortive, the Spanish Government insisting that it could not treat with rebels in arms—a ground absurd enough if the idea of conceding the independence of those rebels were seriously entertained, but a very troublesome *argumentum ad hominem* for the President, whose party and whose predecessors had steadily maintained the same position in regard to a nation in arms whom they chose to denominate rebels. The manner in which the United States were hampered by their own extravagant pretensions during the Civil War, and by precedents of their own making, aptly turned against them by Spain, is clearly and often ludicrously perceptible in the course of these despatches; as, for example, when Spain complains that the Cuban rebels, like the Fenians, had set up a pretended "Government of Cuba" in the States, with obvious reference to the expostulations of the Federal Government against the existence of an organized Confederate agency which it chose to call "a department of the rebel Administration," but which never claimed such a title or such powers in England. In a similar way the United States were hindered from recognizing the insurgents as a belligerent Power, or allowing vessels flying the insurgent flag to be built in or to make use of their ports; and Spain gained time to let it appear how feeble the insurrection really was if left to itself. The despatches also afford strong evidence of the antipathy of foreign residents to the rebellion; an antipathy which has, we fear, been very much mitigated by the ferocious cruelties of the Spanish party; not that the rebels are less savage, but that, as the weaker party, they have less opportunity of committing these most useless and impolitic atrocities. The entire collection, however, and the negotiations to which it refers, have now become mere matter of history, and are interesting chiefly in the light they throw on the dispositions of General Grant and his advisers.

Another public Report of a different character, and of more lasting interest and value, is the latest volume—at least the latest that we have received—of the United States Geological Survey†, which extends the purview of the Survey over the territories of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah. The most interesting portion of this work—at least to the general reader—is the description of the marvels of the Yellowstone Valley, fortunately secured

as a grand national park on a gigantic scale, which has been anticipated in these columns. We need not, therefore, repeat what we have said of the unrivalled geysers, hot-springs, and sulphur basins of that extraordinary region, the discovery of which has enabled the New World, rich as it is in natural wonders of its own, to outvie some of the most striking marvels of the Old; but may simply refer those of our readers who did not study the volume to which we then drew attention, or who wish to learn more of these strange vagaries of nature, to the chapter in which Mr. Hayden deals with them. The illustrations—a peculiar feature of American blue-books—though roughly executed and of the lowest artistic character—do really illustrate the text, and give a far clearer idea of the appearance of the geysers and springs than could be obtained from the most elaborate verbal description, and not unfrequently bring out in relief important details which are slurred over in sketches of more artistic purpose and perfection. They also exhibit the grotesque resemblances of basaltic rocks to human works; here a ruin which might in England be ascribed to Roman or Saxon; here the remains, the very reality, of a Norman castle; and again, pieces of architecture which recall the remnants of Assyrian cities and fortifications recovered by Mr. Layard. It is important from an industrial point of view to learn how largely beds of lignite, regarded by Mr. Hayden as available if not good coal, extend over the district with which the present Survey deals; from a geological point of view, it is perhaps equally interesting to learn that they appear to extend from the Cretaceous into the Tertiary strata, and with their fossils to form a link between the two, and indicate that, in some cases at least, they have immediately succeeded each other. We leave to men of science the appreciation of Mr. Hayden's views. For us it suffices to mention in conclusion that he requests the scientific Societies of other countries, in exchange for the Reports and specimens which he is willing to send them, to furnish him with works in their possession which may help to form a library for the use of the Survey.

The second volume of the collected works of Count Rumford*—the first, containing his memoir, we have already noticed—is occupied with a number of papers and tracts on topics of natural philosophy, chiefly relating to the nature and laws of heat, several of which were read before the Royal Society and Institutes of corresponding rank abroad. The writer's views are often completely obsolete—as where he supposes that a cold body not merely abstracts heat from warmer neighbours, but actually radiates cold; sometimes, as in the paper on the density of water just above the freezing-point, they contain the germ, or more than the germ, of modern discoveries; but the recent progress of knowledge or of theory on scientific subjects generally, and especially on Count Rumford's favourite topic, has left him so far behind that his treatises have for the most part only an historical value or interest. But his essays on the consumption of fuel and the construction of fireplaces still deserve the attention of a generation which has not learnt, and even under the pressure of enormous prices is not yet learning, to construct its chimneys so as to obtain half the heat given out by the fuel consumed to warm its rooms or cook its food.

A little treatise, in the form of a dialogue between teacher and pupil, on the use of the voice† may be serviceable to others besides singers and actors and other professional students, though we doubt whether it will receive much attention in any other quarters. In American schools what is called "declamation" is taught as a necessary accomplishment and an essential part of a complete education; and Mr. Daniell's volume may find more favour there than here. To those, however, who are aware how valuable and how rare an accomplishment is the art of reading aloud, reciting, or delivering the shortest and simplest reply to a toast or compliment in public, the American practice may seem to have its merits, and this slight volume to have claims on popular notice.

Dr. Clarke, in a practical treatise‡ which cannot be too earnestly recommended to the attention of those elders of either sex who are guilty of encouraging the younger members of the Woman's Rights sect in the folly of pursuing a masculine education with the aim of following a masculine profession, discusses at length the physiological reasons which render it dangerous to work young girls as boys are expected to work; and he points out how large a share the habit of educating the two sexes on the same system and with the same degree of exacting strictness and emulous competition has had in rendering American women unfit to be wives and mothers, and bringing about that early loss of health and beauty which is their characteristic. He is not bold enough to deny that girls can learn what boys can, or can fit themselves for the same pursuits. But every man who knows anything of school work and college work, and admits Dr. Clarke's premises, must draw that conclusion for himself. Granted that girls from fourteen to twenty—the critical period of education—can only work at the most

* Correspondence between the Department of State and the United States Minister at Madrid, and the Consular Representatives of the United States in the Island of Cuba; and other Papers relating to Cuban Affairs; transmitted to the House of Representatives in Obedience to a Resolution. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co.

† Sixth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey of the Territories embracing portions of Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and Utah; being a Report of Progress of the Explorations for the year 1872. By F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist. Conducted under the Authority of the Secretary of the Interior. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

* The Complete Works of Count Rumford. Vol. 2. Boston: Published by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

† The Voice, and How to Use it. By W. H. Daniell. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ Sex in Education; or, a Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College, &c. &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

two-thirds of the hours safely exacted from the other sex, it is obvious that they can never compete with the latter in actual attainments; and some at least of the reasons which apply to that competition at school apply also to the work of later life. Dr. Clarke also hints at the physiological reasons why masculine intellects are seldom accompanied by feminine charms. We are content, however, simply to commend his book to mothers and school-mistresses, and beg them to bear in mind that, whatever weak-minded men and strong-minded women may say of the equality of the sexes in intellectual capacity, no competent physiologist would venture to contradict a word of Dr. Clarke's warnings as to their inequality, at the school age, in the power of intellectual labour and of enduring the confinement and physical fatigue of the school-room.

Why in the world a memoir of Dr. Spalding*, late Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, should be so spun out as to fill over four hundred and fifty large octavo pages—except because American personages less interesting have lately been honoured with biographies yet more intolerably lengthened—we cannot conceive. If cut down by one-third, the book would have been large enough for every point of interest it contains, and room might yet have been found to tell at length those important incidents of the prelate's career which are of public interest; as, for example, the persecution of the Catholics in Louisville, and the wanton butchery of some scores of innocent people with the connivance of the authorities, and which are now rather hinted than told. We catch occasional, but rare, glimpses of the education and daily life of a Roman Catholic priest and prelate; but, on the whole, there seems to be either a want of real knowledge on the author's part, or a desire not to unveil such mysteries to the vulgar gaze. This is the more disappointing to the reader because the ecclesiastical career of the Archbishop is very uninteresting apart from these curtailed or omitted matters. He was a member of one of the Catholic families of Maryland who emigrated to Kentucky; was early destined and trained for the priesthood, and sent to Rome; returned to take at once a high place in the diocese of Louisville; and became, with general consent, first Coadjutor, then Bishop, then Archbishop. During the war he contrived to maintain a strict neutrality, while Catholics fought fiercely in both the Federal and Confederate armies; and he seems to have considered that the duty, or at least the policy, of a priest in such conjunctures required a total abnegation of the interests and suppression of the convictions of a citizen. So much we learn of his life; and, seeing that topics of public moment with which he was connected are glossed over for fear of offence, and that the details of his private life are veiled from profane eyes, it is no wonder that the book is lacking alike in human and in historical interest. The prelate himself seems to have been an amiable and kindly man, but far too careful for the immediate interests of his Church, and too careless of other and grander interests, to inspire much feeling of any kind in minds of a different type, or differently engaged.

Dr. Garretson's *Thinkers and Thinking*† professes to give an account of the moral and metaphysical views of certain of the principal founders of ancient and modern schools of philosophy, but displays neither a very high standard of scholarship, nor any thorough appreciation of the opinions and speculations with which it deals. For beginners it is hardly a safe guide; for others it is too short and shallow to be of much service. Our *Common Insects*‡, by Mr. Packard, is a work of modest pretensions, but really capable of serving as a text-book not merely to instruct but to interest those for whom entomological works of a higher class would be as yet difficult and repulsive. It is not, however, by any means a mere school-book; and to children it would not always be intelligible. Dr. Trall's *Digestion and Dyspepsia*§ discusses in the medical aspect one of the most general and most intolerable drawbacks of American life—a disease which in that drier climate is all, perhaps more than all, than rheumatism, agues, and so forth are in England. The *Chemical History of Creation*|| is another of the innumerable attempts which speculators imperfectly acquainted with physical science and biblical criticism constantly make to force the discoveries of modern investigators into harmony with some new interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony—a topic that lies outside the scope of our present remarks.

Of fiction, suited to various tastes and ages, or to none, we have

* *The Life of the Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore.* By J. L. Spalding, S.T.L. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. London: Burns, Oates, & Co. 1873.

† *Thinkers and Thinking.* By J. E. Garretson, M.D. (John Darby), Author of "Odd Hours of a Physician," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

‡ *Our Common Insects: a Popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens, and Houses.* Illustrated with 4 Plates and 268 Woodcuts. By A. S. Packard, Jun., Author of "A Guide to the Study of Insects." Salem: Naturalists' Agency. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

§ *Digestion and Dyspepsia: a Complete Explanation of the Physiology of the Digestive Processes, with the Symptoms and Treatment of Dyspepsia and other Disorders of the Digestive Organs.* Illustrated. By B. S. Trall, M.D., Author of "The Hydropathic Encyclopædia," "Hygienic Handbook," &c. &c. New York: S. R. Wells. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

|| *The Chemical History of the Six Days of Creation.* By John Phin, C.E., Editor of the "Technologist." New York: American News Company. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

a sufficient choice. *Trotty's Wedding Tour** is a pretty child's book. *Doing his Best*† is a tale for boys, for whose merits the author's previous achievements are sufficient vouchers. *On the Amazons*‡ is one of that capital "Camping-out Series" which all boys must enjoy, and which numbers volumes enough to save the most boy-bepestered of bachelor uncles all trouble in the selection of Christmas presents. *Marcus Blair*§ is an inferior specimen of the same genus. Girls are seldom fortunate enough to have readable books written for them, save by two or three well-known ladies of extreme Anglican views; so that the glimpses of a girl's life in America which are found in *Lucy Maria*|| may make it, silliness notwithstanding, acceptable to young ladies in their teens. For younger children it shows rather too keen an appreciation of the follies and weaknesses of their sex. *Athol*¶ is a novel, or novelette, by an unknown author, of no very distinct type.

With poems, or verses, we are also over-abundantly supplied; but few of the volumes on our table are readable. *Bianca Capello*** is a tragedy by a lady whose powers are barely equal to so lofty a flight. The "complete edition" of Mr. Stedman's works†† contains nothing we should have missed if omitted. Mr. B. F. Taylor's *Old Time Pictures*‡‡ would not be out of place in the corners of respectable magazines, but are hardly worth an exhibition all to themselves. *Sounds from Secret Chambers*§§ are musical enough in their way; but the music is that of everyday practice, not of a master's hand. *Violet Lee*||| is a dull tale which gives its title to a portentously dull volume of verse; and *Wild Thoughts in Rhyme*¶¶, last and worst of all, is but partially misnamed. Wild Rhymes would have been a good title; but there is not thought enough to render the wildest of these pieces other than extremely tame in all but the versification.

* *Trotty's Wedding Tour, and Story Book.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. With numerous Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

† *Doing his Best.* By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Jack Hazard and his Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," "Lawrence's Adventures," &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡ *The Camping-out Series.* Vol. VI. *On the Amazons; or, the Cruise of the "Rambler."* As recorded by Wach. Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

§ *Marcus Blair: a Story of Provincial Times.* Written for the Young. By Caleb E. Wright. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

|| *Lucy Maria.* By Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, Author of "The William Henry Letters," "William Henry and his Friends," "King's Lily and Rosebud," &c. &c. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

¶ *Athol.* By M. R. H. New York: Pott, Young & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

** *Bianca Capello: a Tragedy.* By Elizabeth C. Trinney. New York: Hurd & Houghton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

†† *The Poetical Works of Edmund Clarence Stedman.* Complete Edition. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

‡‡ *Old Time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme.* By Benjamin F. Taylor, Author of "January and June," "Life and Scenes in the Army," &c. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1874.

§§ *Sounds from Secret Chambers.* By Laura C. Redden (Howard Glyndon). Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

||| *Violet Lee; and other Poems.* By Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

¶¶ *Wild Thoughts in Rhyme.* By Arnold Isler. Columbus: Smythe & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1873.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and RE-OPENED on the 8th of January, 1874. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of January, inclusive.

J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.
British Museum, December 24, 1873.

PUBLIC WORKS DEPARTMENT IN INDIA. EXAMINATION FOR DIRECT APPOINTMENTS IN 1874.

Candidates intending to present themselves at the Examination already advertised as to be held after Easter 1874, are requested to send their names without delay to the Secretary of the Public Works Department, India Office, London, S.W., in order that the forms required to be filled up may be forwarded immediately. They must be British born subjects, not exceeding the age of 21 on July 1, 1874, of sound constitution, and of good moral character, and must have been employed not less than Eight Months as Pupils or Assistants under a Civil or Mechanical Engineer.

India Office, November 1873.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—HOWARD MEDAL.—Subject of the PRIZE ESSAY for 1874: The State of Prisons, and the Condition and Treatment of Prisoners in the Prisons of England and Wales, during the last Half of the Eighteenth Century, as set forth in Howard's "State of Prisons" and Work on "Lazarettos."—For particulars, apply to the ASSISTANT SECRETARY, 12 St. James's Square, London, S.W.

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de Pressensé, E. Berrier, and Dr. G. Monod; and in London, H. M. Johnson, Esq., 29 Austin

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